TRUE WEST

ALL TRUE — ALL FACT — STORIES OF THE REAL WEST

December, 25¢

"... NOT A SINGLE NOTCH!"
Unbelievable Ranger Neal
By Wm. Cx Hancock

★

The Devil's Highway
By Tom Bailey

FABULOUS CHARLIE GOODNIGHT ★ WE OUTWITTED PANCHO VILLA

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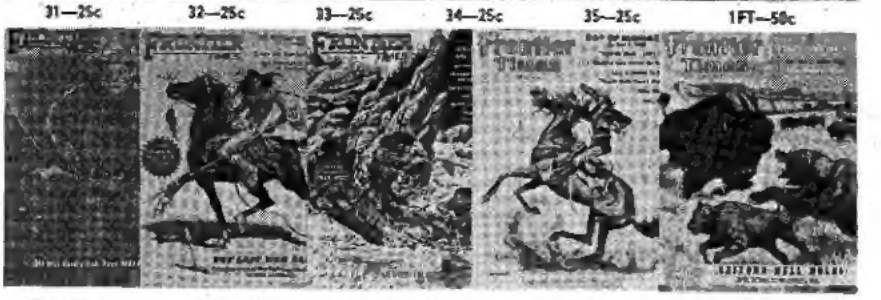

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True West

All True—All Fact—Stories of the Real West

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Cover by BRUMMETT ECHOHAWK

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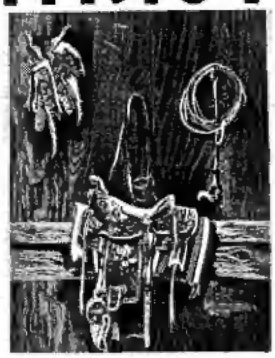

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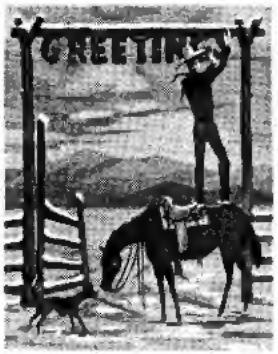

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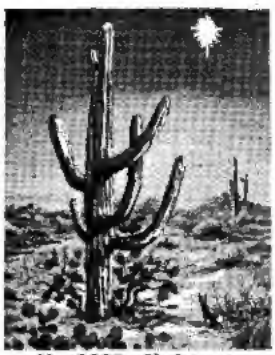

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Truly Western

Every day, letters pour into the True West corral saying that our rags are "great," "wonderful," "bright spot in my life," "The only magazines that are really true," et cetera. Now, all this praise is mighty satisfyin' (and, justifyin'), but we hafta admit that for every fifty congratulatory epistles (fancy, huh?), we get one letter that says, "What's the matter—you crazy or somethin'? You printed an article that's all wrong."—or words to that effect.

Some of these critical blasts are only a matter of one person's opinion, or one man's taste, but some of them are gems of information: often disclosing historical facts about the Old West that have been heretofore undisclosed.

We thought you'd get a kick out of reading some of the "blasts" that keep us on our toes (which is easy to do when you're wearin' cowboy boots).—Garrulous Goodpasture.

Indian Sign

Dear Sirs:

Have been reading your issue of July-August . . . First, I want to compliment you on your publication, as most of the items I have read have been true, or reasonably so, but I have taken exception to a story in the above-mentioned issue by Mabel Pickering entitled "Run or Be Scalped." If it had been about any Apache of that time, the title would not have had anything about scalping. The Apaches did not scalp.

Then the next item is that fifty Apaches attacked the cabin. The Apaches never traveled in that large a group; they could have had several hundred in the band, but would never have banded together in that large a group—possibly ten or even fifteen, but never fifty. I will explain why I know these things at the end of this letter. As far as Hillsboro, the Mimbreno Apaches ranged all around that entire area. After the murder of Mangus Coloradas, they separated into small bands; but nevertheless, they were there.

Do not misunderstand. I do not say that Mabel Pickering's father did not see fifty Indians—but I do say that he did not see fifty Apaches. They could have been Kiowas or Comanches returning from an alliance with the Sioux, which at that time they did have.

Also, if they had been Apaches and had been a war party, her father would never have lived to tell the story. The Apaches did not play that way. Besides, Chie, son of Mangus Coloradas, was in Mexico at that time; Cochise had been dead for five years; the Coyoteros were in Southern New Mexico; the Mescaleros in Mexico and Southern Arizona . . . that is to say—those who had not gone to the reservations.

As far as the first battle with the Apaches: The first battle was fought with the Apaches in the sixties—many of them fought before that when Cochise was alive, and he was the principal in the Battle of Apache Pass, and—as I have said—Cochise died in 1874, so it could not have been the first Apache battle. She said her father had no use for Apaches except Victorio. In my estimation, Victorio was a fool. No Apache would have let himself be trapped as he was; especially by Mexicans.

Now, I will tell you why I know her father was mistaken. My Indian name is Nino Dasoda Hae. I am a Chiricahua Apache, a chief of the small band that is left. We are of the White Mountain Apaches. My English name is Joseph Evans. My father was Nantaje, Apache scout with the Fifth Cavalry, with his half-brother, Major Andrew Evans, in command. My mother, Rachel Salazar, was the granddaughter of Cochise. Do I have to say more? Also, many do not know that Cochise had two daughters;

(Continued on page 58)

"Okay! Okay!—sashoo you out-drew Wyatt (hic) Yurppl!"

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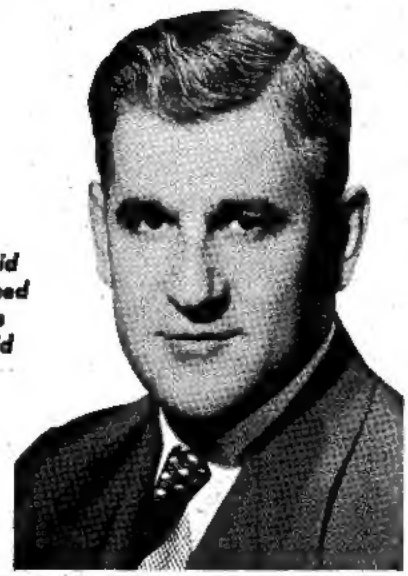

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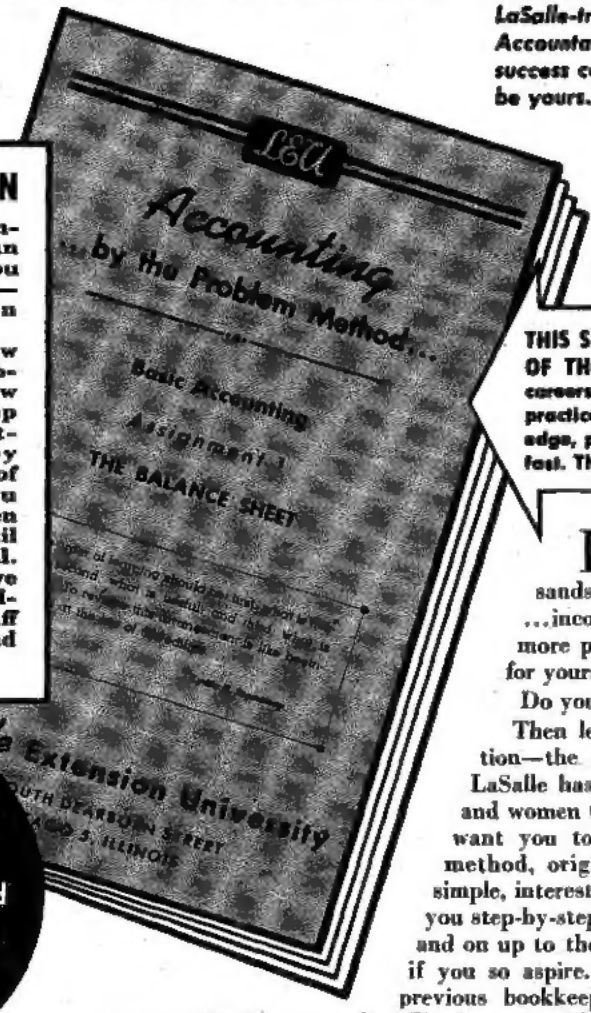

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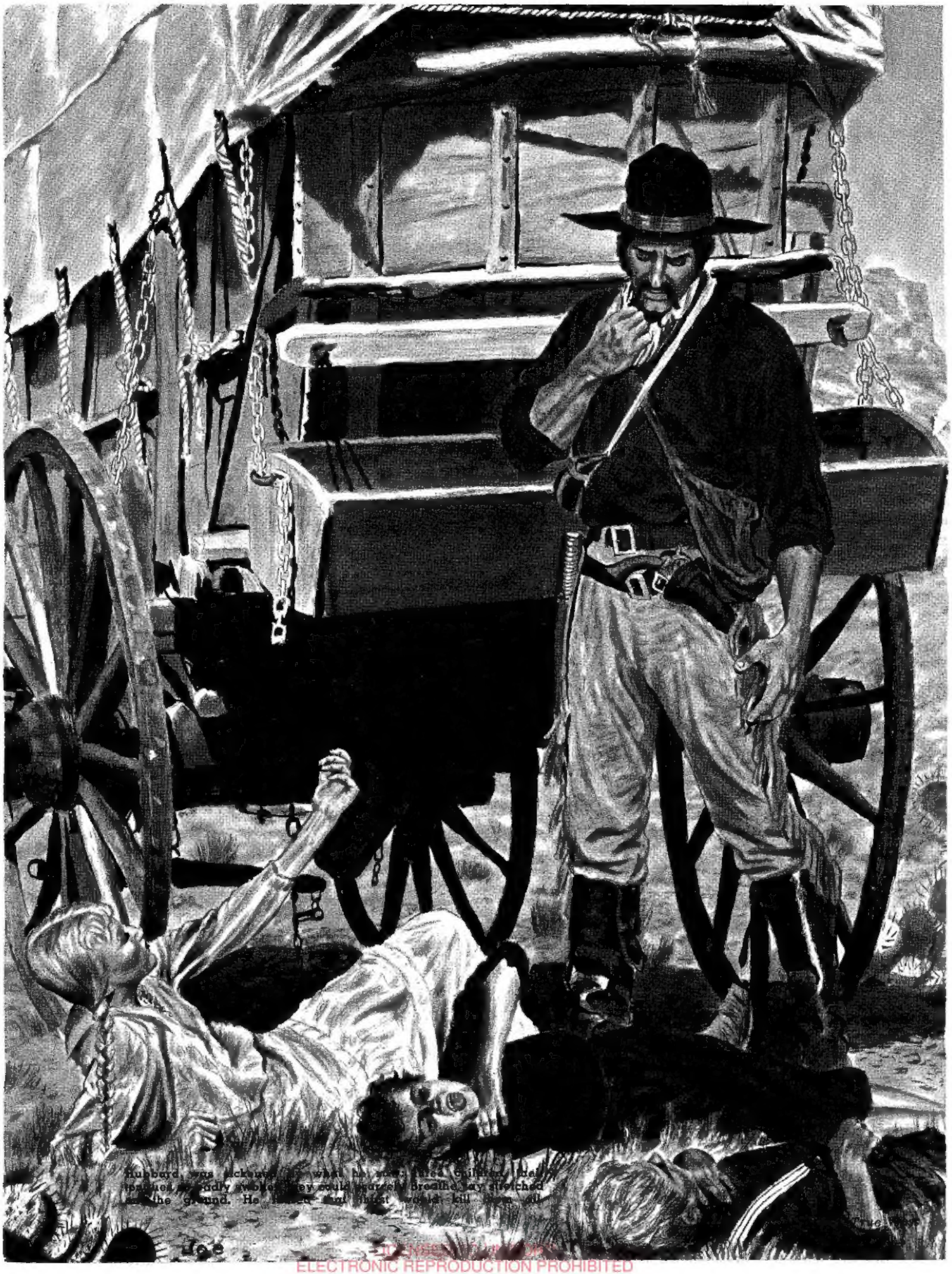

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Satan must have sent the three horsemen
to "guide" the wagon train along

The Devil's Highway

By TOM BAILEY

Illustrated by Joe Grandee

CAL HUBBARD'S wagon train out of Memphis had encountered many difficulties before it reached El Paso. It was here that Hubbard and the other Missourians heard of the short cut to Yuma, known as the Camino del Diablo, or Devil's Highway.

In Arizona in that year of 1849 there were two wagon roads west, one along the Gila River through Apache country to the junction of the Gila and the Colorado, where Yuma now stands; the other, shorter by fifty miles, turned into Old Mexico at the border town of Sonoita, continued west for 200 miles and then bore off in a northwesterly direction until it crossed the southwest corner of Arizona and joined the other road at Yuma.

Travelers on the northern route along the Gila could bet their last dollar that they would run into Indians—murderous Apaches.

The southern route, or Devil's Highway, was hot and arid but free of Indians. Travelers going that way had nothing to worry about except their own discomfort. The main drawback was a lack of water on the route. Water supplies had to be carried in casks strapped to the sides of the wagons. In fact, to be safe, everything that could hold water had to be filled and stowed away against a lack of rain. Sometimes it did not rain in that part of Mexico for months at a stretch and when this happened there was vital need for every last drop that could be carried, even to the extent of replacing household goods.

"Do you want to be murdered by the Apaches or do you prefer to go thirsty and keep your life?" Hubbard put it up to the owners of the twenty wagons. "I ain't saying which is best. It's up to you folks to decide."

Hubbard, a hardheaded man with an iron disposition, had organized the train in Memphis and agreed to captain it but there were some decisions he did not want to make.

A man named Savage climbed upon a wagon and spoke to the travelers. "I would rather fight savages than die of thirst," he said. "I hear the Camino del Diablo is strewn with skeletons bleaching in the hot sun. There is no water to be had except from infrequent showers. I for one vote for the route along the Gila."

Cal Hubbard gave his wife's hand an assuring pat. He stood up, a tall impressive figure, with a shiny black beard, a black sombrero, heavy wool shirt and buckskin trousers.

"Fellow travelers, it is your right to say which way you will go to California—north or south. But let me tell you this: These damned Apaches here in Arizona are the worst savages on the entire continent. If we were a caravan of men I would say take the northern route and fight them. But I have my wife and little one to think of. I vote for El Camino del Diablo."

The ballots were collected and counted. Of the eighty-six adults voting, fifty favored the northern route and the Indians, while thirty-six preferred El Camino del Diablo and the perils imposed by the awful heat and lack of water.

"Very well," Hubbard said, "we will split the train and go our separate ways, and may God have mercy upon you."

Those who had voted to travel north decided to wait for another wagon train they knew to be just behind them, for in numbers there was strength.

"Thank God we don't have to wait for anybody," Hubbard said. "We will have no Indians to worry about and should beat you folks to the Colorado by many days."

As Hubbard waved his wagons on toward Sonoita, he cried happily, "And may God be with us!"

Later he was to say God got lost along the way.

EL CAMINO DEL DIABLO was first established in 1699 by Father Kino. For more than 150 years it was little used until the Spaniards and Mexicans traveling to Yuma reopened it. In spite of its lack of water and the intense heat they preferred it to the route down the Gila. These travelers adequately prepared for the journey by loading many mules with casks of water to see them through. But the gold-crazed forty-niners, anxious to reach California, took no such precautions as a rule. They loaded what water they could conveniently carry and prayed for rain. The report of the Boundary Commission, issued in 1857, stated that "during the few years that this road was traveled, over 400 persons perished of thirst between Sonoita and Yuma, a record without parallel in North America."

As Hubbard's eight wagons approached Sonoita, three horsemen rode out of a grove of cottonwood trees and offered their services as guides over El Camino del Diablo. They were poorly clad, but in spite of their tattered garments they rode superb horses and carried the latest model pistols.

Hubbard surveyed the strangers with a trained eye. He knew ruffians when he saw them and these men did not look right to him.

"Is it really necessary that we have guides? I hear the route is plainly marked by the wagon ruts."

One of them explained that there were long stretches of shifting sands that completely obliterated any rut marks. If they got through safely they would need good guides.

"How about water?" Hubbard wanted to know. "We've got every cooking utensil, pot and pan filled, besides two casks to a wagon. Will that be enough?"

"Then you've nothing to worry about, sir."

Hubbard called some of the wagon owners together for a conference. It was their opinion that guides would be needed.

"What's your proposition?" Hubbard inquired of the three men.

"We'll go along for our grub. That fair enough?"

They identified themselves as Jake Fleagle, Charlie Free and Francisco Morales. According to Fleagle, they had been guiding for the U.S. Dragoons in Arizona and prior to that for a Santa Fe trader through Indian country.

At the urging of the other travelers Hubbard agreed to feed the men in return for their services to the Colorado. They said they were bound for Yuma where they were to pick up another freighter.

With the caravan was Piny Shoot, a seventeen-year-old lad Hubbard had adopted back in Memphis. Piny had been in jail and Hubbard had petitioned the court to give him custody of the youth.

Since the adoption, Hubbard and Piny had not hit it off well together. Hubbard thought that by taking Piny to California the youngster would "get a little sense in his head."

Lately Piny had been riding back with a man named Zahner, who had a boy of Piny's age, and Hubbard had thought little about it.

On the second morning after the three guides joined the train, Hubbard saw the Zahner boy and Piny flash past the lead wagon on two of Zahner's horses. The young men were going forward to join the guides, who rode a distance in advance of the caravan.

"Get back to your places, you two!" Hubbard shouted. "Get back where you belong!"

Piny swung his mount to face Hubbard. "What's the difference where we ride? We're no longer in Indian country, you said."

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"Don't argue with me. Get back there."

Both youths returned to the Zahner wagon.

An adventurous young man to whom the vast wide-open spaces of the west had a special appeal, Piny seemed during the next few days to have found in the rough, unsociable guides the type of men he admired. He ate his meals with them and spent as much time in their company as possible.

Hubbard was to admit later to a reporter for the *Alta Californian* that he felt sorry for the boy. He no longer forbade him to ride with the guides, feeling that perhaps Piny would derive some good from this new association.

The heat became more oppressive as the caravan moved deeper into Mexico. It was so hot that the grease ran out of the axle hubs. In the distance little heat devils danced and not a living creature stirred. The absence of lizards and birds worried the travelers. The country was uninteresting, rocky and bare of vegetation except for greasewood and an occasional clump of mesquite.

ON the third day after Sonoita was passed, Hubbard, weary of the monotonous grind, made a remark that was to find its way—in most cases improperly quoted—into history. He cried out in despair, "I can't see what God made so much land for!" He was quoted some fifty years later as having said, "I can't for the life of me understand what God intended to do with all this land!" But according to a man named Anston Price, who was a member of the party, Hubbard had said, "I can't see what God made so much land for," which sounds more like Hubbard, who was not an educated man.

The intense heat slowed the caravan's progress. Whereas before it had been making from fifteen to eighteen miles a day, it slowed to eight, and even seven.

On the fourth day out of Sonoita a horseman caught up with the Hubbard wagons to report that the other travelers who had voted to take the northern route had changed their minds and were taking the El Camino del Diablo route. They were hurrying to catch up. They had made their hasty decision after receiving reports that a wagon train had been burned by the Apaches and every man, woman and child murdered.

Hubbard called a halt to wait for the other wagons and the heat was so great that it melted cooking fats and bars of soap.

All the wagons in the original caravan were back together at nine o'clock the next morning and resumed the plodding journey. Already some wagon crews were complaining of water supplies running low.

The next day the travelers came upon the first grim evidence of the human toll El Camino del Diablo exacted of those who defied its many hardships. They saw carcasses of animals bleaching in the sun and three crude crosses.

On the eighth day of the journey the water finally was gone, the last drop given to a crying baby. The horses had had no water for two full days.

All that day the teams strained at their harness as though hopeful of reaching some oasis ahead. Some of the travelers believed the horses smelled water, but when night came there was still no water, nor any sign of rain.

A hole was dug in a dry wash, but the shovelers struck caliche which defied the sharpest pick and the effort was abandoned.

During the night shifting sand blown along the dry wash added to the discomfort of the sleepers.

It was the next day when Mrs. Hubbard gave birth to another child. The lack of water greatly complicated matters. The baby died an hour after birth.

One of Charlie Hostetter's horses gave out and dropped in its tracks. All the buffalo meat had spoiled in the heat and provisions were running low, so the horse was butchered and the meat rationed.

By evening of that day children were crying for water and there was none.

Hubbard blamed the second batch of wagons for the water shortage. He said they had proceeded into the desert blindly without taking on all the water they could carry and as a result the first lot of wagons had had to share their water with them.

Supper that evening consisted of horse meat broiled over the coals. Mouths were so parched that many could do no more than suck the moisture from the meat.

Hubbard summoned the head guide, Fleagle. "There is bound to be a little water somewhere ahead, is there not, Mr. Fleagle?"

Fleagle shook his head. "Not at this time of the year. We'll be lucky to find water two, three days from now."

His statement caused a minor panic. How, men asked, would they last two or three days without water?

That night Hubbard led the travelers in a prayer for rain.

The next morning Mrs. Hubbard died from an infection.

After her burial, Hubbard told Price that he had no heart to go on. "You take charge of the wagon train," he said, "and leave me here beside her grave."

"But the entire caravan is depending upon you to pull them through," Price said. "You can't desert them now. What about your little daughter? Who will look after her?"

Hubbard finally agreed to go on. He had exerted a great deal of persuasion upon Mrs. Hubbard before she would agree to make the long trip to California and he felt guilty, as though his own selfish ambitions had killed her.

THERE were still four riders at the head of the caravan—Piny Shoot and the three guides. The Zahner boy had dropped back.

Frank Zahner caught up with Hubbard's wagon and climbed into the seat.

"Cal," he said, "I believe there is something wrong. I know how your mind is troubled and it's a bad time to mention it, but it's serious."

"Go on, Frank. Can't anything be as bad as being without water. What is it?"

"Have you noticed the absence of wagon ruts? I haven't seen any for two full days. I can understand how the wind covers them up with sand but there is no sand along here. Surely if some wagons have passed this way during the summer they would have left marks."

Hubbard's eyes searched in vain for some sign of old wagon ruts but he saw none. He summoned Fleagle and demanded an explanation.

Fleagle assured him they were on the proper route. He pointed to the sun overhead, which showed they were traveling northwest toward Yuma.

"What's our chances of finding water today, Fleagle?"

"Four miles from here we'll find water," the guide replied. "The hole I have in mind never dries up. There'll be plenty for everybody."

Zahner passed the word back that water was only four miles ahead and a cheer went up.

But at the end of the four tortuous miles, the spring Fleagle had in mind was found to have gone dry.

Hubbard summoned everyone to his wagon, bidding them to bring tin cups.

"I hate to do this," he said, "but it's got to be done. I was saving it to celebrate our arrival in California."

He filled each tin cup from a five-gallon barrel of whiskey. "Don't gulp it," he told them. "Sip it and make it last."

When all had been served, including the guides and Piny, Hubbard poured himself a slug and downed it.

The whisky was wet and it helped, but there was no helping the poor horses.

"We've been three days without water," Hubbard said to Fleagle. "I've heard humans as well as animals can't go any longer than that. We'd better stop before we all play out, and wait for rain."

"You might wait a long time," Fleagle replied. "Five miles more and we'll have water. This time for sure."

Hubbard's tongue was so thick he could hardly talk and he wondered how Fleagle managed to be so up and coming. There was no thickness to his tongue. "You and your water! Fleagle, I don't think you have any more of an idea where we are than I do. We're stopping here and it's up to you to find water. We have already passed the limit of our endurance."

"Gather your canteens," Fleagle said, "and we'll ride on to water and fill them up. We'll be back in two hours."

The canteens were picked up and the spirits of the travelers rose.

"Better unhitch your animals," Fleagle said. "Turn them loose and they'll go to water."

"And let them scatter all over the desert," Hubbard protested.

"It's better than letting them die."

Hubbard had no reply to this bit of logic. He ordered the animals released.

After the guides and Piny left with the canteens, Hubbard went from wagon to wagon inquiring about the condition of those suffering most from thirst.

"Water! Please, some water!" The words were a faint whisper. The woman appeared to be near death.

Three children, their tongues so badly swollen they could scarcely breathe, lay stretched on the ground.

SICKENED by what he saw, Hubbard went back to his wagon to sit and wait. Now having released the horses, which had quickly disappeared into the night, he realized that unless water was found immediately the whole train would perish.

Two hours passed. Time for the guides to return. Another hour went by.

Price went out and caught a couple of horses that had remained in the vicinity.

"I'm glad you did that," Hubbard told him. "Maybe we will have to go and find Piny and the guides."

An hour later Hubbard told Price to take over. "I'm going to find the guides and see what's delaying them," he said.

"I've already sent Zahner and Jenkins to look for them," Price said. "They took the horses."

Hubbard climbed down from the wagon. "I'm going anyway, on foot, and don't try and stop me." He buckled on

(Continued on page 42)

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Santa Fe Railway Photo

Above: Santa Fe Engine 1010 was one of many used in the 1905 Scotty Run from Los Angeles to Chicago. Eighty seconds for changing engines was "slow time." (Below) Death Valley Scotty in door of his famous castle tower.

SCOTTY'S COYOTE SPECIAL

By BRYCE W. ANDERSON

$5,500 bought a million dollars worth of publicity for the Duke of Death Valley, and the Santa Fe set a new speed record

THE stocky, florid-faced young man wearing the big sombrero wanted no truck with the low-priced hired hands at the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe's Los Angeles office. He wanted to talk to the head man. He had a "big proposition."

And the clerks at the Santa Fe headquarters were not just about to shrug this figure off lightly. The man, they knew, had paid cash for a special train from Barstow, California, only a few days before.

He was "Death Valley Scotty," the mystery prospector of Death Valley and the Funeral Mountains, where snow-clad peaks overlook the lowest and one of the hottest places in the United States.

He had been in the news before, when he claimed at Philadelphia that he had been robbed aboard a train of a satchel containing $12,000 in gold. He was taking the ore to his grubstaker, financier Julian Gerard of New York, to prove his claim that he had found a fabulous mine in the desert. But that hadn't been a Santa Fe train.

Ushered into the office of John J. Byrne, Santa Fe general passenger agent, the sun-seared prospector doffed the sombrero and announced he was in a hurry to get to Chicago. He wanted to get there in less than forty-six hours —the fastest the trip had ever been made. How much of the Santa Fe system would he have to buy and what would it cost?

Byrne, no prospector but no man to overlook a publicity gold mine, did some quick figuring and announced the Santa Fe would give Scotty a special train to Chicago—guaranteed to beat the record —for $5,500.

Walter Scott counted out fifty-five 100-dollar bills from a capacious wallet and placed them on the mahogany.

What followed was one of the most publicized train rides in United States history.

AT one o'clock on the afternoon of July 9, 1905, Scotty's train pulled out of the Los Angeles station to the accompaniment of cheers from a crowd of onlookers. The train, which the railroad christened the "Coyote Special," consisted of a baggage car, a diner and a Pullman observation car, drawn at the start of the run by a ten-wheeler locomotive.

Aboard were Scotty and his wife; C. E. Van Loan, a newspaper representative who kept reporters all along the route supplied with stories; Frank Newton Hollman, Sante Fe publicist; and the train crew.

Attended by raucous publicity, the Special streaked into San Bernardino

(Continued on page 34)

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"...Not a Single Notch!"

Captain Neal was the calmest Ranger of 'em all. Outlaws never doubted that he'd kill if necessary— he just never let it get necessary

By WM. CX HANCOCK with MRS. EDGAR THOMAS NEAL

Photos Courtesy Mrs. Neal

THE young Ranger rode out from Rio Grande City through the prickly pear flats where Pancho Morales was rendezvousing with his woman. He tied his horse some distance from the shack, then stealthily closed in on foot. He kicked the back door open and, in spite of his 225-pound frame, stepped inside with the speed of a panther, a Colt gripped in his right hand.

"Raise your hands, Pancho! This is Edgar Neal. Got a warrant for your arrest."

Pancho and the woman were seated at a rude table, drinking tequilla. Fortunately, the light was provided by a kerosene wall-lamp out of the fugitive's reach. His back was toward Neal. With half-raised hands, he got slowly to his feet and faced about.

"Amigo mio," he said, his eyes venomous slits, "Pancho very sorry we meet like this."

"Me, too, Pancho. Powerful sorry," said Neal with moving sincerity. In his youth, he had clerked in a grocery store where the Mexican was delivery boy. Later, the two had punched cattle together for various South Texas outfits. But now in 1898, Morales was high on the Texas Rangers' wanted list—a rustler, he had killed several men and eventually murdered a Texas lawman. Edgar Neal had been ordered to bring him in—alive.

"Hand over your pistol slow and easy with your finger tips and gun butt first." He was speaking so kindly that he might have been requesting Pancho to pass the tortillas.

Morales did not comply. "Señor, it is better that Pancho die here than be hanged by gringos." He was very tense and obviously getting set to attempt a draw. Neal's non-killing record was hanging by the merest thread.

"I hate to do this to anybody," said Neal in his most sympathetic manner. "You can imagine, Pancho, how much I hate to do it to an old friend."

Pancho reflected upon this for a moment while the patient Neal waited. The Mexican began to relax and presently a faint smile of resignation crossed his dark features. Slowly he handed over his pistol as directed and extended his hands, palms together, for the handcuffs.

This type triumph had been repeated in various forms until this soft-spoken, non-smoking, non-drinking, non-swearing young Ranger was heralded throughout the force.

TWENTY years a Texas Ranger during some of the most turbulent times once rough-and-ready Texas has known, and sixteen years sheriff of faction-ridden, strife-torn, pistol-haunted San Saba County, the fabulous Captain Edgar Thomas Neal never killed a man.

As some of his still-living cronies often remark: "Just because he never killed anybody; don't think for a moment that there was ever the slightest doubt in anyone's mind that he would kill if necessary. He just didn't let it get necessary."

The six-foot, two-inch lawman was born in 1870 in Wilson County, birthplace of several famous Texas Rangers, including the nationally-known Captain Frank Hamer. Both attended Rabbit Hill School, and it is an interesting coincidence that Hamer was to send more outlaws spinning into the dust with his blazing Colts than any other lawman in the history of the West, while Neal was never to kill anybody. In later years, it was a standing joke between these two peerless manhunters that they developed their abilities in running down lawbreakers by chasing the countless jackrabbits which infested old Rabbit Hill.

IN the heart of Texas lies the beautiful ranching county of San Saba—a region so blessed by nature that the Indian name for it means "Happy Hunting Ground." Before the Civil War, the people were dedicated to mutual helpfulness and common defense against the Comanche Indians. But post-war days witnessed the development of rampant lawlessness in which honest citizens came to despair of ever receiving justice at the hands of carpetbagger government and rigged courts. Inevitably they took the administration of justice into their own hands, and there came into being the notorious "Mob of San Saba."

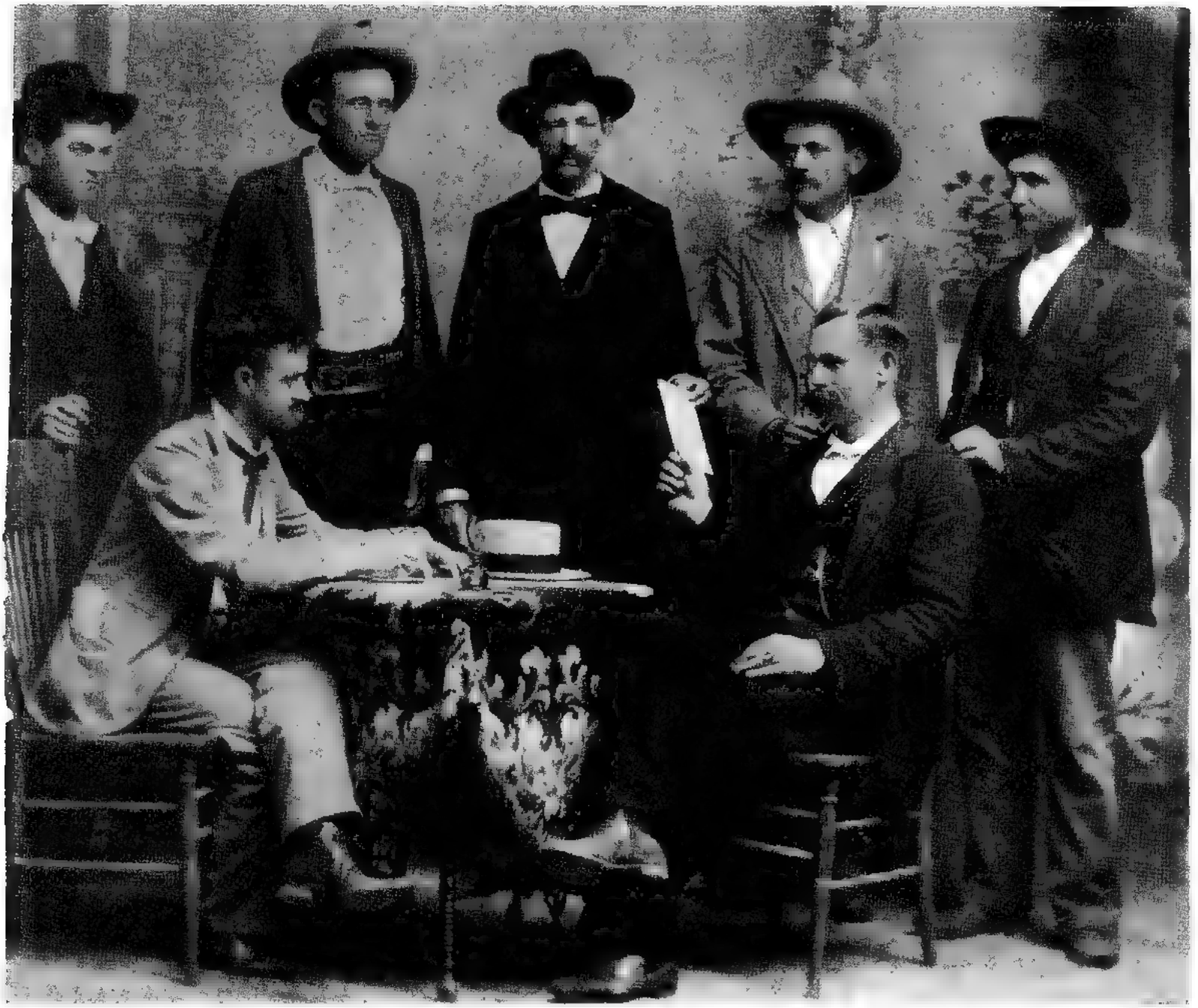
Edgar Neal's bring-'em-back-alive record was legendary by the time this picture was taken in 1933. (Standing left to right) Dudley S. Barker of Texas Ranger Company C; Captain Neal; John R. Bannister, famous Ranger of the seventies; George Batton, deputy sheriff, Brown County; man at right unidentified. Seated are Walter Early (left), district attorney for Brownwood, Texas, and Sheriff Charley Bell of Brown County.

In the earlier stages of its operation, mob membership included many of the best people. Known rustlers were hanged, land-claim jumpers despoiled, and undesirables in general given the bums' rush. But true to the history of mob law, leadership eventually gravitated to selfish and power-hungry individuals.

Came the time when the county found itself gripped in a reign of terror. Resultant homicides had approached half a hundred when a woman, whose father was a member of the Mob, had them murder her prominent husband to free her for further romance.

An "anti-mob" was formed and informed Governor C. A. Culberson of conditions in the county, petitioning him for Rangers to help clean up the mess. He ordered his adjutant general to "send four of your bravest Rangers to San Saba."

Edgar Neal was one of the four Rangers selected. He and Allen Maddox of Company E from Alice rendezvoused at Goldthwaite with Sergeant John L. Sullivan (later a famous captain) and



Dudley Barker of Company B from Amarillo—all noted gunslingers. The group quietly assembled a wagon load of supplies and camp gear and set a course southwestward for San Saba County where they went into camp August 13, 1896, near Regency on the Colorado River—scene of the latest killing in which rancher Bill James had been bushwhacked while peaceably hauling water from the river. The famous old Indian fighter "Uncle Buck" Chamberlain was chosen camp cook and deputy.

The attitude of local authorities—alleged to have been Mob connected—was most hostile toward the Rangers. The rank-and-file mobsters were so openly threatening that Neal's group had to maintain security measures at night around their camp. However, they entered upon long months of patient investigation for purposes of gathering sufficient evidence to seek indictments. Neal's phenomenal ability to inspire trust in people was never more valuable than now as San Sabans began to disclose needed information to him. The lawman, a solitary horseman riding leisurely down lonely trails, became a common sight in San Saba Land—a frightened county, run by a thousand-man Mob, most of whose members secretly regretted their association but dared not sever the tie for fear of the sinister leader, Bill Ogle.

BY the middle of May, 1897, the four Rangers were ready to present their evidence to a grand jury. With the concurrence of the adjutant general, they had promised the potential witnesses adequate protection in the form of additional Rangers who, unknown to The Mob, were enroute to San Saba. On Saturday morning preceding the Monday on which the grand jury was to be convened, the Mob began to gather in San Saba with the announced purpose of running the Rangers out of town. Sergeant Sullivan and Allen Maddox, each armed with two Colts, their horses tethered nearby with Winchesters tied on the saddles, posted themselves at the northeast corner of the courthouse square. Neal and Barker, similarly armed, took stations at the southwest corner.

Knots of mask-wearing mobsters had their heads together here and there about the square in deep conversation. Whiskey bottles passed back and forth. By apparent arrangement, the knots began to fuse into two large groups, one edging toward Sullivan and Maddox, the other toward Neal and Barker. The latter group made the first move. As they approached, the two Rangers eased behind their horses for protection as well as quick access to their rifles.

The group leader faced Barker, being unable to rib himself into sufficient fury against the kindly Neal. "We're giving you sons-of-b . . . . . fifteen minutes to get out of town," he said. "Fifteen minutes! You hear? Now git!" The man reached for his pistol.

He might as well have committed suicide. Barker drilled him through the head before the Mobster's gun was half out of its holster. The heavy slug somersaulted him backwards into the ranks of his confederates.

"We're giving you gentlemen just two minutes to be off the street," rasped Barker. "After which time if there are any of you left, we'll lock you up. Now *you* git!" He drew his second pistol. Neal had jerked his Winchester from its scabbard.

Peace and prosperity attended Edgar Neal's long tenure as Sheriff of San Saba County. He was reelected four times after this photo was taken about 1918.

In 1896, Texas Governor C. A. Culberson ordered "four of the bravest Rangers" to clean up the San Saba Mob. Buck Chamberlain, Allen Maddox, Edgar T. Neal and Dudley Barker (left to right) were sent.

The Mobsters melted away and the other group preparing to give Sullivan and Maddox a hard time also fell back and disappeared. That afternoon, eight of the promised Ranger reinforcements rode in under the famous Captain Bill McDonald. San Saba enjoyed one of its quietest weekends in memory.

In the dead of night on Sunday, Neal awakened with a premonition he could not shake. Finally he awakened McDonald.

"Captain," he said, "I've got a hunch that Bill Ogle's gonna make a run for it. If he gets the jump on us, he'll have the whole West to lose himself in. We may never find 'im."

"Whatever you have in mind, go ahead and do it," replied McDonald as he resettled himself in his blanket.

Neal saddled up and rode to a spot on the trail about half a mile west of the Ogle place. He concealed himself and his horse in a clump of live oaks at the foot of a small hill which would enable him to skyline anyone approaching from the east. Just before day, hoof beats registered from that direction and the fleeing Ogle rode down the hill. Neal threw down on him with his Winchester and put the handcuffs on him. He had no charges on which to hold him as the grand jury would not meet for several hours yet so the rangers held Ogle incommunicado until he was indicted.

AT last the hour approached for convening of the grand jury. The Rangers and the anti-mobsters wanted the newly elected young District Attorney W. C. Linden to handle things, but the still potent Mob insisted on outgoing Judge Allison. Linden finally persuaded his followers to accept the services of Allison in view of the fact that he, Linden, could still advise the Rangers in presentation of their evidence and help hold down Mob representation on the grand jury.

The very atmosphere in San Saba was so highly charged that day the slightest spark might have precipitated civil war. Captain McDonald stationed his Rangers at strategic spots about the courthouse square. He posted Neal with his Winchester and twin pistols in the courtroom itself. Pistol-packing Judge

Allison ordered Neal to get rid of his rifle.

"Judge," replied Neal in his disarming manner, "The State of Texas pays me to carry this Winchester. With the court's kind permission, I shall continue to carry it. Incidentally, sir, it's fully loaded."

Reassured by the Rangers' presence and inspired by the example set by fearless and respected Confederate Captain W. H. Ledbetter, who had suffered much at the Mob's hands, witness after witness—court records list 339—got up courage enough to testify to the Mob's bloody criminality. The several Mobsters on the grand jury, sensing that the tide had turned against them and not wishing to be positively identified, were forced into the embarrassing predicament of voting a flock of indictments against their fellows.

Judge Linden prosecuted the ensuing trials and his force and energy began to bring convictions. Numerous Mobsters were quick to accept Linden's proposition that they leave the county in exchange for their cases being held in abeyance. Bill Ogle won a change of venue and was brought to trial in Llano County where he received a sentence of life in prison for his exploits. The Mob was finally broken up.

NOW that the Rangers had brought peace to San Saba, the county needed the right man to preserve it. The people besought Neal to run for sheriff. He declined with thanks and returned to his Ranger station. His supporters ran him anyway and he was overwhelmingly elected. His old friends urged him to refuse the office.

"It'll take two sheriffs to live one day in that feuding, pistol-packing county," they warned him.

They used exactly the wrong tactics. Neal now saw that he could be of real service to the county for which he had already developed a deep attachment. When he rode back into San Saba to accept the office of sheriff, an era of comparative calm and prosperity rode in with him.

In time, he married Maud Montgomery, daughter of a pioneer San Saba family, and settled down to the serious business of performing the duties of a country sheriff. Legion are the fascinating stories told about him by old-timers concerning this phase of his career.

There was the day he received the dangerous assignment of arresting old man Edmonson in the Cottonwood Pond community. A posse entering this clannish area would probably have to fight its way in, and would certainly have to shoot its way out with a prisoner. Neal unconcernedly went in alone. He found his man plowing corn, and entered into a friendly conversation with him concerning the problems of local agriculture, finally steering the talk around to the point at issue.

"Bill," said the sheriff in his chummy manner, "there's been a little trouble concerning the whereabouts of some missing steers. I have a warrant here for you so I can take you into town where you can explain your side of the matter. Suppose we unhitch your horse and take him and mine to your barn and feed 'em a little corn. Maybe you'd have your woman cook us up a snack as it's a long ride to San Saba."

Neal stayed close to his quarry while they fed the horses, both to keep him from bolting for the cedar brakes and to discourage bushwhackers from spraying the unwelcome lawman with buckshot. Mrs. Edmonson was torn between pride in having a distinguished visitor and hatred of what he represented, but she whipped up her best meal.

Neal maintained an informal, friendly talk and Edmonson was in the saddle headed for jail before he quite knew what had struck him. Clansmen gawked at the pair as they rode down the valley but could think of no excuse to interfere with such an inoffensive lawman.

D. F. McQuinn, distinguished Civil War veteran and editor of the *Cherokee Chief*, was feuding with Francis M. Burns, president of the West Texas Normal and Business College, and publicly threatened to kill him. Burns filed a complaint, and Neal inherited the unwelcome duty of arresting McQuinn. Friends advised him to take along deputies to Cherokee to assist

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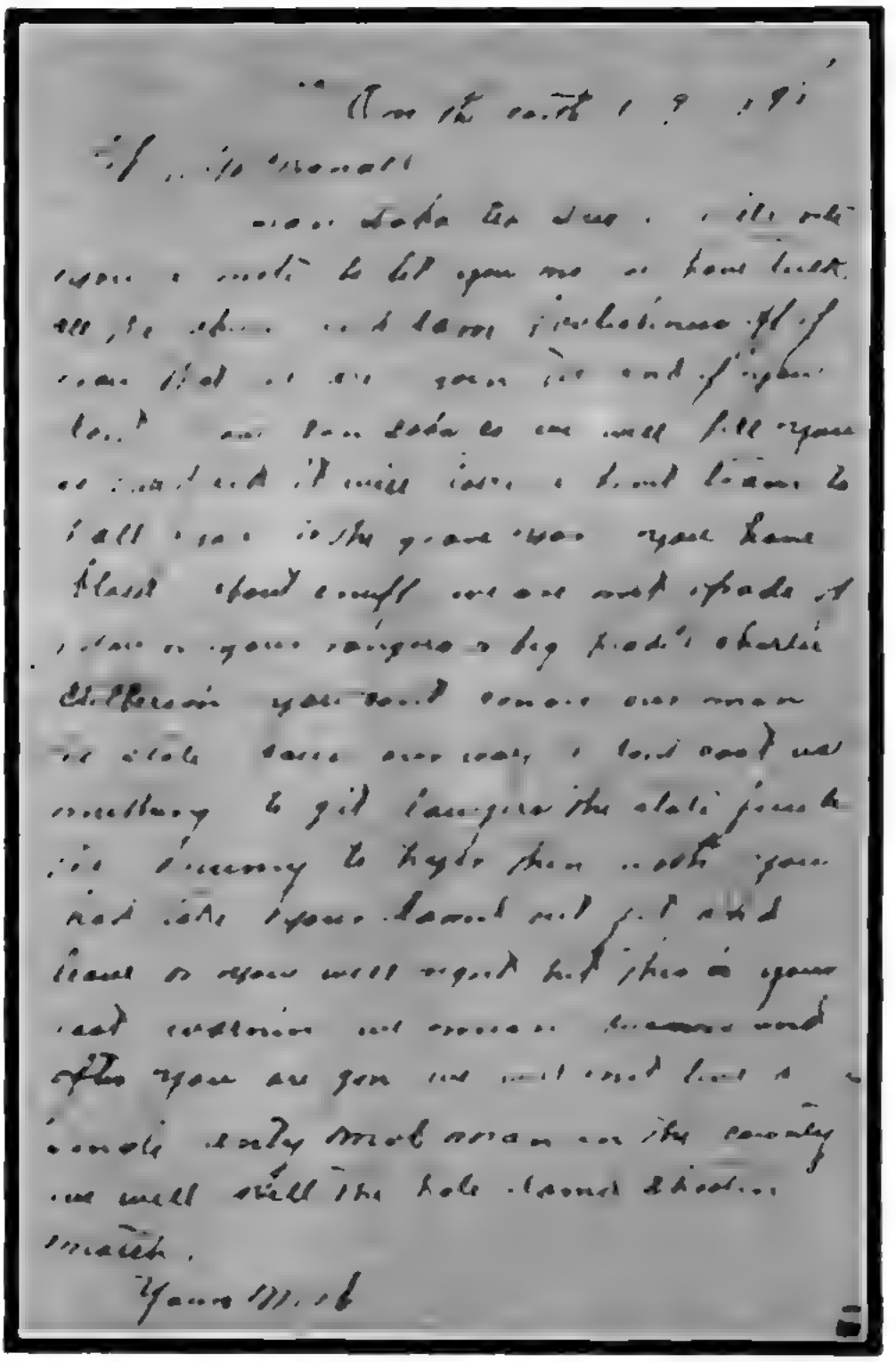


Mob letter warned Captain Bill McDonald to get Rangers out of San Saba County, threatening to "fill you so full of lead it will take a frait train to hall you to the grave yard."

Minuteness of figures in background points up size of the avalanche that caught Mason. The slide jumped the canyon in front and lies on opposite mountain.

Volunteers dig down to one of the two bulldozers covered by the "Schoolhouse slide." The huge Diesel tractors were desperately needed for rescue work.

Rescuer probing in big 1958 slide for the body of Ted Mason. After picture was taken, the "U. S. Slide" came roaring down the mountain.

Only gold could make men risk Nature's cruelest whim

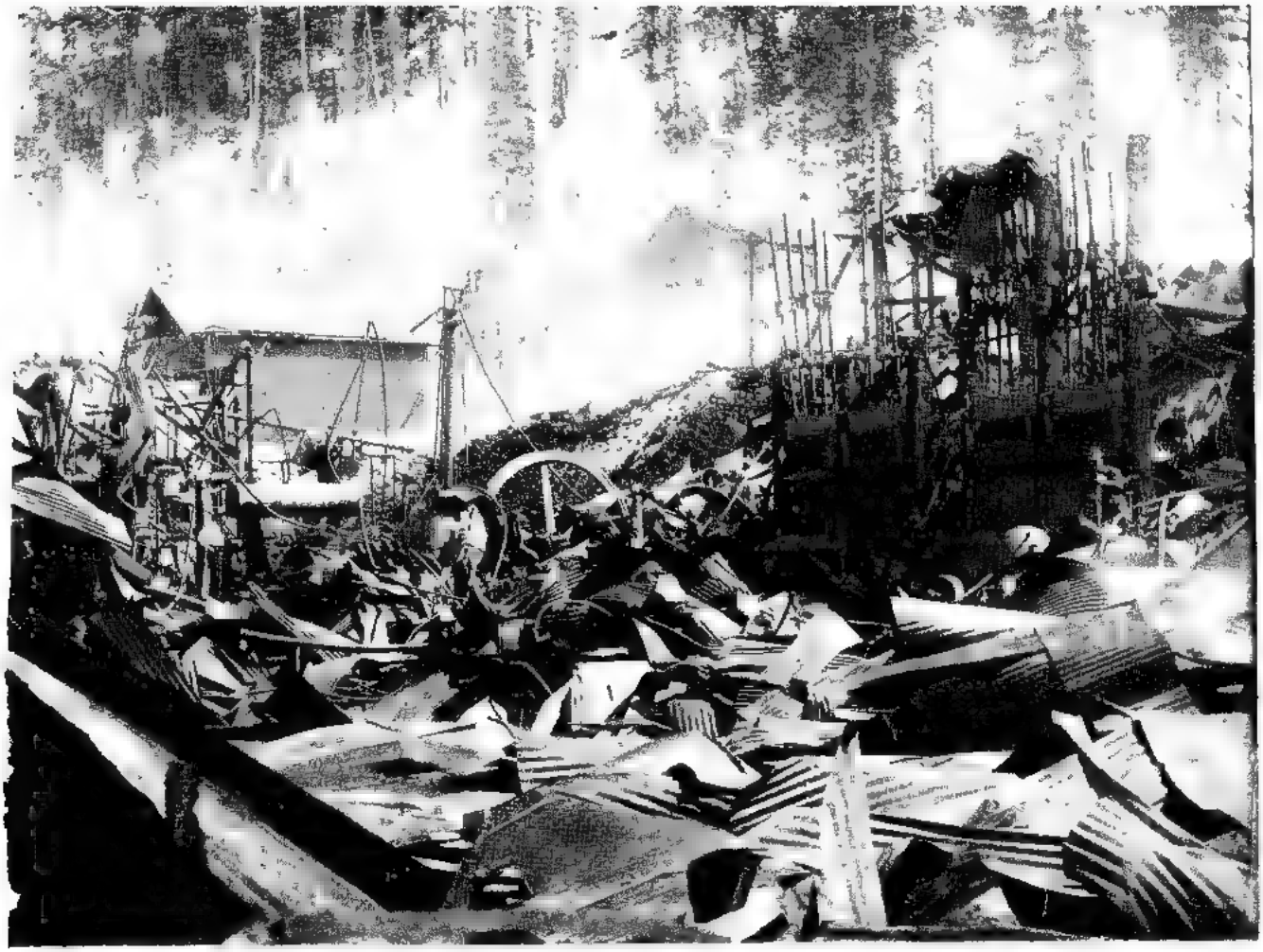
IN February, 1958, the great snow deposits in the High Sierra San Juans of southwestern Colorado began to grumble as warm weather approached. Everyone knew the danger of avalanches letting go any moment and sending millions of tons of snow down the mountainside, sometimes for distances up to three miles.

On St. Valentine's Day, Ted Mason and Harry Peck, believing they would be needed to clear the road from Camp Bird Mine to Ouray, went by jeep as far as they could go and then struck out on foot, climbing over mountains of snow. They safely passed the Water-Hole Slide and were almost in sight of the mine when the grumbling started.

They were traveling some distance apart, as they should have been in avalanche country.

Mason, who was wearing his parka over his head, apparently did not hear the warning. He put his head down and plowed onward.

Peck started back, but the great avalanche of tumbling snow and rocks caught him in its fringe and hurled him thirty feet or more into a snow bank.



Camp Bird Mill in the San Juan Mountains near Ouray, Colorado, was completely demolished in 1906 by a series of slides so big that Imogene Basin overflowed with ice and snow.

Avalanche!

By MARVIN GREGORY

The great slide filled the air with powdered snow, so that for several minutes it was like a heavy, obscuring fog. The mountains echoed with the savage roar.

As soon as the air cleared so he could see where he was going, Peck started to Camp Bird for help. A young geologist, Charles (Scotty) Bruce, and Peter Beaumont, mining engineer, hurriedly plowed through slides and snow to spread the word at Ouray. County Commissioner Oscar Franz quickly organized a rescue squad by ordering the fire siren blown.

By mid-afternoon, more than forty men were on the scene to start rescue work. The danger of further slides made their efforts hazardous. The snow field was as much as fifty feet deep in places, and digging a man out—dead or alive—was impossible, unless one happened to know exactly where the victim was, and no one could be sure about that.

The rescuers began probing here and there; little groups starting tunnels into the snow bank—none very hopeful of success. Forty men looked like a cluster of ants on that big slide.

WE were all standing pretty much in a group—feeling frustrated and hopeless—when Dave Calhoun came running from the direction of the mine. As soon as he was within hailing distance, he signaled and called, "Bring your shovels and come over here. Another one just ran and it's got three men in it!"

The "Schoolhouse Slide" had just run, and had caught three men who were working with bulldozers in an attempt to open the road down to the slide which contained Mason's body. The three were Walter Smith, mine superintendent for Camp Bird, Limited; Mike Muransky, a miner; and Danny Jarrel, bulldozer operator for Ouray County.

Actually, four men were caught. Joe Martinez was there, too. He saw the snow break loose, way up at the top of Mount Hayden, shouted a warning to the three other men, and ran for it. Joe was caught in the "fanning out" motion as the slide settled on the road. He was carried along for a hundred feet, and deposited unhurt in two feet of snow at the side of the road.

Joe came back to the site to aid in locating the men who were buried. When asked, "Did you see if the other men ran, and which way?" he replied, "I don't know . . . I was too busy running myself."

Jarrel's bulldozer and another driven by Walter Smith had been covered. The two cats were needed in the rescue operation.

Finally, both bulldozers were located, but getting them out of the powdery snow imposed a problem. As fast as the white sugary stuff was shoveled away, it would slide back and settle deeper.

Darkness came on swiftly, and by then everyone was too exhausted to continue.

The following day, February 15, the weather was cloudy, but warm—perfect conditions for the breaking loose of more avalanches. Only cat skinners were permitted to work that day, in an attempt to open the road to the top in order to facilitate further search for bodies of the victims.

LICENSED TO MORE ELECTRONIC DISTRIBUTION

Sunday, February 16, officials posted the road "closed" and ordered all persons, except cat skinners, to stay out of the area. The weather had warmed up still more, and the situation was critical.

On Monday, a small bulldozer was successfully "walked" over the remaining slides, and one of the buried "cats" was extricated. Then the tough job of clearing snow down to the road bed began. Very slowly and carefully they plowed; watching for any sign of a body. By Wednesday morning the three corpses had been found. The big slide in which Ted Mason lay was still to be worked.

Locations and positions of the three men caught in the second slide proved that they had indeed attempted to run to safety. They were several feet apart, whereas they had been standing in a group. They were some distance from the "dozer" and one body was still upright, in a running position. The snow had packed around him so quickly that it caught and held his body in mid-stride. He obviously had suffocated.

Ted Mason's body was found and recovered on Thursday.

The 1958 disaster was just a new chapter in a long history of snow slides in the San Juans. We can reach back through the years since the white man first occupied this area, and recount story after story of the tragedies and destruction wrought by avalanches, some said to have been clocked at speeds exceeding 300 miles per hour.

These men have dug down beside the bulldozer and are tunneling around it searching for bodies of lost men.

THE banner headline in the February 28, 1936, issue of the *Ouray Herald* proclaimed, "S N O W S L I D E KILLS THREE—KING LEASE WILL REBUILD." Sub-heads on the avalanche story said, "Buildings at Camp Bird Mine Demolished" . . . "Champ E. Woods, Ralph Klinger, and Mrs. Rose Israel Killed Under Avalanche When Buildings Are Wrecked or Badly Damaged" . . . "Working of Clearing Debris Started Preparatory to Rebuilding."

That winter Camp Bird operations were being carried on at the "Upper Camp," three miles up the mountains from the big Camp Bird Mill. That particular camp is located in what is known as "Imogene Basin" at an elevation of more than 11,000 feet. The mountains tower another two or three thousand feet above the camp, almost completely encircling the basin.

On Monday, February 24, about 9:45 a.m., the "Chicago," the "Hidden Treasure," a slide known simply as the "Second Level" and numerous other slides and slips all loosed almost simultaneously and thundered down the mountains to converge at the bottom of the basin. The King Lease Mill, the boarding house, bunk house, mule barns, and all the buildings required for the operation of the famous mine were enveloped by the avalanche.

Telephone lines remained in operation just long enough for an Ouray operator to hear, "For God's sake, send help! All the slides have come." Then, the lines went dead. The *Ouray Herald* later reported, "The news was sent about town immediately and a volunteer rescue party of about thirty citizens was organized and left Ouray at 11:30 with all available horses, mules and snowshoes . . . the road to Camp Bird, Limited, was blocked with drifts and snowslides. The party had to shovel and force its way through and over the snow."

It was late in the afternoon before the party reached the scene of tragedy at Camp Bird. Workers dug frantically until the last body—that of Chapp Wood—was recovered late on Tuesday afternoon.

B. F. Winters, a crippled elderly photographer, made the trip with the rescue party. The journey was so difficult for even the ablest of men that many wondered how Winters managed to get there and take photographs.

There were at least ten men who used the miners' phrase, "God sure had his arms 'round me that time." While Rose Israel, camp cook; Chapp Woods, the mill superintendent; and Ralph Klinger, mine blacksmith, were all killed, these ten men sleeping on the second floor of the bunk house were spared. For some inexplicable reason, that particular bunk house was not destroyed nor buried, except up to the second floor. Not one of the ten was even injured.

Rescuers found James (Ruff) Dunn, mine foreman, buried under a great pile of snow and debris. Timbers had somehow crossed and formed a small pocket containing enough air for him to breathe. They also prevented the snow from crushing him. He was rescued, still conscious, but suffering from cold and shock.

At the time of the slides, twenty-seven miners were working their shift inside the mine. They knew nothing

Ouray, Colorado, looking south from Horsethief Trail. The road to Camp Bird Mine runs through canyon to right of Mount Hayden (in background).

Snow crashed through the walls into the dining room at Camp Bird boarding house in 1936. One person was dug out of snow beneath one of the tables, unhurt. This picture was given to author by L. F. Kuchs, who operated commissary there at the time.

of the slides until they reached the portal and found it blocked tightly with packed snow—nobody knew how deep. They made their way back through the mine to an alternate portal higher up the mountain, and "gophered" out and upward through twenty feet of snow. To get out, they had to dig a tunnel big enough for a man to pass through, stowing the loosened snow back inside the mine as they excavated their "gopher hole." They were thankful to have been safe inside the mountain when they learned what had happened during their shift.

JUST a few hundred feet from the site of the 1958 disaster, the "Water-Hole" took the lives of four men and twenty-seven horses on February 21, 1909. The February 22, 1909, *Ridgeway Sun* told it this way:

"TERRIBLE SNOW SLIDE NEAR CAMP BIRD MILL . . . At 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon, a monster snow-slide came down at the 'water-hole' on the Sneffels Road about one mile below Camp Bird Mill. Five men and twenty-seven horses were carried down in the slide and the only living creature that escaped was F. M. Austin, familiarly known as 'Dad.' The men known to have perished are Pete Synnot, Dr. S. G. Doughitt, George Knerr and John Mittwer. 'Dad' Austin was dug out of the slide uninjured save for a few slight bruises.

"The bodies of Pete Synnot and Dr. Doughitt have been recovered, but owing to the severity of the storm which was still raging up to a late hour last night, all work of rescuing had to be abandoned as another slide is liable to occur at any time.

"The storm which has prevailed in the mountains for the past three days is the most severe ever known, and the slide is of tremendous proportions. It is feared that the bodies of the lost men will lie where they now are, until the snow melts in the Spring."

The *Sun's* prediction was borne out—the other two men were not recovered until much later, one of them late in May.

The men and horses involved in that incident were part of an "ore-train." In those days, supplies were freighted to the mines, high up in the mountains, by great wagons drawn by teams of "sixes." Usually there were several wagons in a train, and always the train was accompanied by a wagon boss who rode horseback.

On this day, the train had gone up with supplies for both the Camp Bird and Revenue mines. The Revenue Mine is located three miles farther up, and the road is mostly a shelf built around the base of Mount Potosi.

After discharging their loads, all wagons rendezvoused at Camp Bird and took on their loads of ore for the return trip to Ouray. As the train began its return trip, it was joined by the "bullion stage," the rig that hauled the pure gold bars from the mill to be shipped by rail from Ouray to the mint in Denver.

In spite of the hazardous conditions existing, the train reached the site of the "Water-Hole" slide. A small slip had already come down, sufficient to block the road so that it was impossible for the horses to pull their loads through it. It was also impossible to turn a team of "sixes" around on that shelf road.

All the drivers well knew the grave danger to which they were exposed. It was quickly decided to unhitch all horses and send them on out of the area, and to get out themselves as fast as possible. All men fell to unhitching horses and starting them on the run down the hill. Drivers rushed in to help other men as fast as possible. For some of them, it was already too late. The "Water-Hole" swished down its three-mile course, burying a four-wagon segment of the train along with the drivers and horses.

"Dad" Austin, the driver of the bullion stage, was one of the men who had attempted to aid some of the wagon drivers. He had left his seat on the stage and ran down toward some of the wagons just as the slide engulfed them. Charles Alderson, the guard on the stage, quickly ran with his shovel to the spot where he had last seen "Dad," dug him out and revived him before he suffocated.

IN 1906, a series of slides ran in Imogene Basin, much as they did in 1938. However, that time they were so big that the basin could not contain them. That big bowl that is Imogene Basin overflowed out it's only opening, directly over the huge Camp Bird Mill, and completely demolished it.

A two-story bunk house at the camp was twisted 'round on it's foundation, giving it's fifty or so occupants a very unpleasant ride. Following that, a heavy cable was anchored into a nearby boulder, which is as big as the bunk

(Continued on page 40)

Tunnel dug through "Riverside Slide" on the road to Red Mountain, now the Million Dollar Highway, to reach mining camps with supplies.

This old photo, furnished by Foster McClure of El Centro, shows Crescent as it looked in its earliest days, about 1903. The "hotel" with canvas partitions dividing the beds is at right.

Little Lost Ghost

Aboard a burro is Marr Morrison, who with Foster McClure found a huge nugget which enabled their families to "move to civilization." His mother and sister are the others in the picture.

IN Nevada, it's always open season for hunting ghost towns—those out-of-the-way little places where around 500 persons once lived, loved and laughed; then languished when the promising ore turned to borrasca or promoters couldn't unload any more stock. The limit's high—there's at least a thousand such shadows tucked away in the state's three-score mountain ranges and thousands of square miles of desert.

The major mining metropoli left their stories in the files of faded, hand-set newspapers. But a vast number of boomlets had no such typographical Boswells to record their doings. Such was Crescent, on the western slope of the McCullough Mountains.

Maybe nobody ever would have learned much about the place if a couple in a California car hadn't stopped at Ted Barnhardt's old-fashioned general store in Nipton one day in 1957. Dr. Donald McCaskey, a retired New York physician who climbed off the Union Pacific at Nipton a couple of years ago and never got back aboard, was sitting in front of the potbellied stove in the store.

The two tourists asked about Crescent. The man told McCaskey, "I'm Foster McClure, I lived there as a kid." Doc took them to the site of Crescent—just a couple miles east off Route 68—then wrote me their address. McClure later brought me a bunch of old pictures, and told me a former Crescent resident, Jim Jost, was still living at

Real estate promoters were on the Crescent scene almost as soon as the miners. Man at the right is Milton McClure, whose assay office was the tent at the left.

Town

By DON ASHBAUGH

A noted ghost town authority routs out a plump little critter everybody had forgotten about

Searchlight. So, between McClure and Jost I flushed out the story.

Crescent gleamed about the time Searchlight's glare was fading—in the second decade of this century. One finds passing mentions of it in old Las Vegas and Searchlight newspaper files. Histories merely mention that Indians had been obtaining turquoise there for centuries before a modern redskin called "Prospector Johnny" located some better diggings in 1894.

Johnny sold out to the Toltec Gem Company of New York, which found prehistoric Indian tools and workings during development. This outfit also turned up a little silver, lead and copper ore, but not enough to warrant working. The firm gave up in a couple of years and there it sat until somebody else made a strike shortly after the turn of the century.

McCLURE came to Crescent in its earliest days, as a youngster from Colorado Springs with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Milton H. McClure. The elder McClure was an assayer. The son now operates a large trailer court in El Centro, California, and is prominent in the Imperial Valley city.

The younger McClure has a fine memory, but two incidents of his boyhood days at Crescent are standouts.

One day he was cruising around aboard one of his three burros, Buster, Maude or Merry Legs, with a pal, Marr Morrison.

"We spotted a funny looking rock," he related. "It was about as big as two bars of soap and shaped like a railroad brake shoe. It was heavy and we knew it was ore of some kind. We took it to the Morrison house, which was closest. Mrs. Morrison suspected what it was and locked us in the bedroom so we wouldn't blab the fact all over town while she sent her daughter, Ora, to fetch our fathers. They immediately identified the ore—it was a huge gold nugget. Dad and Mr. Morrison caught the train at Nipton and took it to Los Angeles where they sold it. I can't recall now but I believe they got $3,200 for it. Anyway, it was enough for us to move to civilization. Our visit this spring is the first time I've been back since."

The other incident created a more stinging memory for McClure.

"W. O. Matchett had brought a beautiful new mahogany bar from Las Vegas and installed it in his tin saloon building," he continued. "It was the biggest in town and located on the main corner across from the Harry Russell store. The Greening Cattle Company had been holding a roundup and all the hands came to town. The pay wagon had arrived in Crescent to pay them off. This resulted in the whole gang getting drunk.

"A fight started with a great big fellow kicking the devil out of a little cowhand. There was big excitement in Matchett's and kid-like I wanted to see everything that came along. I came in the back door and climbed up on the bar to watch the show. Pretty soon the big fellow tripped over a beer keg and this gave the little guy his chance. The fall knocked the big guy dizzy, and the little one immediately started kicking him in the head and stomping him. Pretty soon the big one didn't moan anymore—he was dead. The little fellow just walked out and rode off. That was the end of the fight for them.

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Crescent's major mercantile establishment during its boom days—the Harry Russell store.

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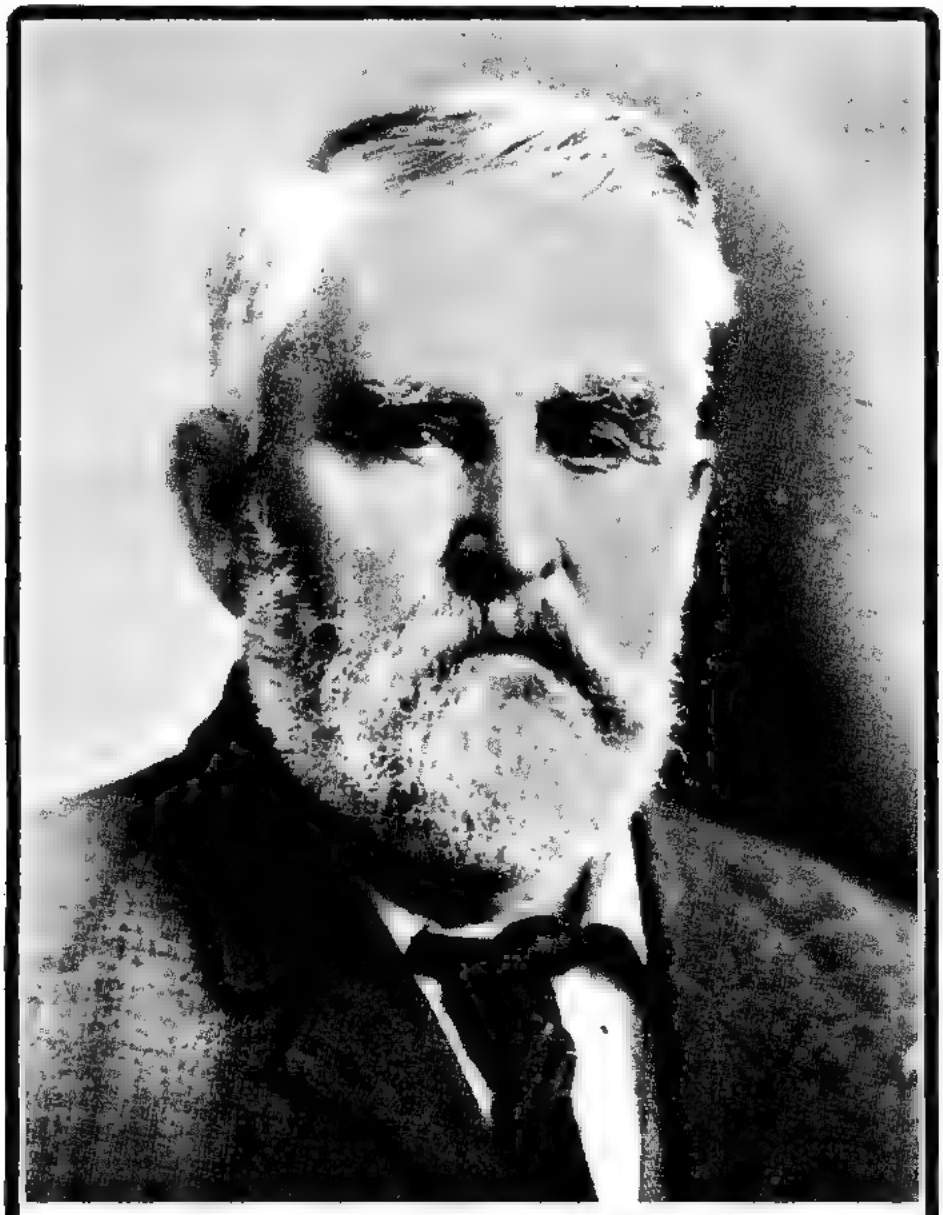

Colonel Charles Goodnight, famous Texas cattle baron.

The FABULOUS Charlie Goodnight

By GLEN BAKER

Photos by David K. Patton

No tale of cattle trails is complete without a chapter on the great man who is indelibly branded on our Western heritage.

THREE mounted men faced each other on the little knoll. One rode a fine chestnut stallion; the other a blazed-faced sorrel mare. They were armed. Their names were Alex Tetherow and Bill Sanders, two of the southwest's most notorious cattle thieves.

The man facing them was unarmed. His name was Charles Goodnight, one of the great cattle pioneers of the West.

"I hate a cattle thief," Goodnight said. "He's no better than a horse thief. If you fellows don't lay off stealing my cattle I'm going to kill you both."

Alex Tetherow laughed. "That's big talk, Goodnight."

"Yeah," said Sanders, "and he's not even wearing a gun."

"It may sound like big talk," Goodnight said, "but you mess with my cattle and you'll find out soon enough. I don't waste time on cattle thieves."

"Listen to him talk," Tetherow said. "You'd think he means us."

"I do mean you and no one else."

The pair eyed the cattleman for a moment, then rode off, laughing loudly.

Two weeks later, while attempting to rustle fifty head of Goodnight's cattle, Tetherow and Sanders came to the end of their rope. Their bodies were found a few days later, both shot to death.

No one knows to this day who shot them. Since Goodnight seldom went armed, it was considered unlikely that he had. But who ever did, everyone said, deserved a medal. Tetherow and Sanders were two of the worst cattle thieves of Texas and no one regretted their demise.

PROBABLY no name in western history is so revered as that of Charlie Goodnight, one of the greatest builders of the West. The name is to be found in all western histories, and no tome of the cattle trails is complete without a Goodnight chapter or two.

Born in Illinois in 1836, Goodnight was nine years old when his family became a part of that restless migratory stream that debouched upon the Texas plains in search of new homes and cheaper land.

Near Dallas, then a small frontier trading post, Charlie Goodnight saw his first buffalo. The huge shaggy creature stirred his imagination as nothing ever had. From that moment on, the vast untrammeled land and the creatures on it were in his blood. All the boyish daydreams that had been his, the hopes, the nebulous longings, suddenly coalesced into a tremendous and driving energy that would not let him be.

When he was thirteen, he broke his first mustang colt to ride. From then on the creak of saddle leather and the muffled pound of horses' hooves on dusty trails was to be a familiar sound in his ears. In a time when superb horsemanship was axiomatic, Charles Goodnight was considered without peer.

In 1850, he was whacking bulls as a freighter. In his spare time he roamed the prairie, observing the wildlife, the way of the weather, the land itself. In time his powers of observation, his sense of direction became as acute as an Indian's.

When he was twenty, Charlie Goodnight and a stepbrother contracted to graze some 400 head of cattle; their pay to be one out of every four calves dropped. In four years they had ac-

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cumulated 180 head of cattle, and Goodnight was forever linked to the industry that was to bear the stamp of his personality and progressive thinking for the next seventy years.

In 1857, he and his partner drove their herd into Palo Pinto County, north and west of Weatherford, Texas. They built a cabin at Black Springs, and began grazing their cattle in the Keechi Valley.

Three years later, the ravages of the Plains Indians along the Texas frontier grew so bad that the Texas Rangers were ordered out, and Charles Goodnight became a Ranger scout. With the advent of the Civil War, he enlisted in the Frontier Regiment and was stationed at Belknap, the old army post. For the next three years he was one of that thin line of men who held the Texas frontier against the savage Plains tribes.

When Goodnight's enlistment expired in 1864, he rode back to the Keechi Valley only to discover that cattle thieves and unscrupulous neighbors had claimed most of his herd's increase by the simple expedient of "maverick-ing" (branding calves with their own brand). Undaunted, Goodnight and his stepbrother bought the entire herd of CV stock on credit and, gathering some 2,000 head, prepared to drive west and north in search of markets.

That fall the Indians stampeded and drove off the major portion of the herd and the drive died in its inception. But Charles Goodnight would not be defeated, and the following spring he began gathering another herd.

WITH a small amount of capital, he began outfitting and preparing for a drive west to New Mexico, then north to Colorado. The mining camps, he reasoned, would have some money and what cattle he could not sell profitably he could hold on the Colorado range for better prices.

Preparing for the drive, he had a government wagon rebuilt, and installed in the back of it a box with a hinged lid that could be dropped down onto a swinging leg to form the cook's work table. It was an innovation then, a chuck-box that was to become standard equipment for all cattle drives and which remains little changed to this day.

On the eve of departure Goodnight joined herds with Oliver Loving. With 2,000 head of longhorns and a crew of eighteen men, he turned his back on the Texas frontier and headed into the west, blazing a trail that from that day on would bear his name. It was June 6, 1866.

They followed first the course of the Southern Overland Mail past Camp Cooper and Fort Phantom Hill, then turned south through Buffalo Gap. They crossed the North Concho and followed the Middle Concho westward to where it turned into the Llano Estacado (Staked Plains).

The herd moved smoothly in the early stages. The riders held it to the proper form and pace. Loving rode behind, helping push the drag, while out in front—ten, fifteen, twenty miles—ranged Goodnight, scouting for water, graze and suitable bed grounds. At times he retraced his way to signal the men riding the points as to direction.

At the headwaters of the Middle Concho they paused to rest and water their herd preparatory to making the long dry drive along Centralia Draw and across the Llano Estacado to Castle Gap and Horsehead Crossing twelve miles beyond. When the cattle could suck up no more water they started out.

It was late in the afternoon and they pushed the cattle until after dark. The next day was bad, the succeeding ones worse. The water barrels were soon emptied and the riders' lips began to crack open under the hot sun and the bitter dust. But Charlie Goodnight pushed them on. He was everywhere, helping where it was needed, lifting himself and the others with the drive of his indomitable will. For three days and nights he was continually in the saddle and without sleep. In the end they made it to the Pecos, though their passage across the arid lands was marked by about 300 head of dead cattle.

After three days of resting and watering the cattle, they resumed the drive along the east side of the Pecos. It was a bleak and desolate country. At Pope's Crossing they moved to the west bank and followed it north above the present site of Carlsbad, then recrossed to the east side to avoid the Mescalero Apaches. At Fort Sumner they found a market for their steers at eight cents a pound on the hoof. Goodnight, with three companions and $12,000 in gold, turned back toward Texas, while Loving drove on north into Colorado with the stock cattle.

By fall Goodnight was back with another herd—all steers this time—and the two men established winter quarters at Bosque Grande about forty miles below Fort Sumner. It was the first ranch established by Texans on New Mexican soil.

Subsequently, Goodnight tried to make arrangements with the military to suppress the sale of stolen Texas cattle brought in over the Comanchero Trail. In the middle seventies popular opinion

The Goodnight home near Goodnight, Texas. Unknown artist's copy of this photograph, taken about 1918, hangs in the Panhandle-Plains Museum at Canyon, Texas.

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At left: Jim Loving, son of Goodnight's long-time partner, Oliver Loving. At right: John Adair, who began an "unhappy" but financially successful partnership in 1877 with Goodnight. From a painting in the Panhandle-Plains Museum.

finally forced the government to place the wild tribes (Comanche, Kiowa and Cheyenne) on reservations, and so broke up the Comanchero trade.

IN September, 1867, Loving died and Goodnight continued the partnership with Loving's son for two years longer, then went on his own. For nine years he drove cattle over the trail that bears his name, and yet Charlie Goodnight was more than just a drover. In the things he did and the way he did them, he was a rugged individualist. He left the stamp of his character on the West. For the time and the country, his ethics were of the highest. Where others were content to follow—he blazed new trails. As one of his riders aptly put it: "We never asked anybody any questions, but told them where we were going, and went."

Two years after Loving's death, Goodnight located on the Arkansas River above Pueblo and set about making his headquarters into a comfortable frontier home. He built irrigation ditches and, importing apple trees from the states, set out the first large apple orchard in southern Colorado. He planted corn, and realized considerable profit from his farming experiments.

In 1870 he journeyed to Hickman, Kentucky, where he married Mary Ann Dyer. This was the culmination of a long romance that had its beginning on the Texas frontier.

Back in Colorado, his tremendous drive and progressive-mindedness moved him into new fields of endeavor. He invested heavily in real estate in Pueblo and helped organize the Stock Growers' Bank. He still wintered cattle on his range, and had brought in some shorthorn bulls and thoroughbred cows to improve his stock. But when the panic of the seventies came, Goodnight, faced with terrific losses, turned his eyes toward the Texas plains.

In the fall of 1875, he gathered a herd of 1,600 cattle and drifted them down toward the Llano Estacado. Little was known then of this huge plain, but Goodnight remembered the graze he had seen and was curious. Then a Mexican mustanger told him of a wonderful gorge bisecting the plain that would make an ideal place for a permanent range because of its shelter and water. So Charlie Goodnight descended into the 700-foot depths of Palo Duro Canyon by an old trail the Comanches had used for centuries.

Here, 250 miles from a railroad and supply base and over 100 miles from his nearest neighbor, Charles Goodnight established the Home Ranch, the first cattle ranch on the Llano Estacado and perhaps the greatest of all his many and varied achievements.

HE formed a partnership with John Adair in 1877, and bought more land and cattle and operated it under the JA brand. By buying blooded cattle and crossing it with the best of the native stock; by a continual culling of his herds, Goodnight began to improve the quality of his beef. In 1883, he bought twenty-five Hereford bulls and some 600 head of cows with 400 calves. He threw them onto JA range and this small herd quickly established the JA as a ranch of quality beef.

Barbed wire came onto the market, and Goodnight and neighboring ranchers erected hundreds of miles of it to keep northern cattle from drifting onto their range before the blizzards called "blue northers."

In 1882, Goodnight and Adair bought 93,000 more acres of land. Goodnight also purchased for Mrs. Adair the Quitaque range which abutted them on the south. In 1883 he bought the Tule ranch, and established it as a separate division of their partnership. More land was purchased—some from the state and some from the railroads—until the partnership controlled over 1,335,500 acres on which ranged 100,000 cattle.

The partnership had not been a happy one, so after Adair's death in 1885, Goodnight began to press for a dissolution of the association with Mrs. Adair. Eventually he agreed to take the Quitaque Ranch of 140,000 acres and 20,000 head of cattle as his share in the partnership with the Adairs. In 1887, Charles Goodnight left the Palo Duro Ranch to move onto the railroad at a station that had been named in his honor.

In severing his connection with the Adairs, Goodnight left behind him a record that speaks for itself. He had carved the Palo Duro Ranch out of the raw wilderness by his own labor and sweat. He had handled more than 300,000 head of cattle, constantly culling and improving his herds, with the loss of only 1,600 by actual count. This undoubtedly was a record never equaled by any other brand on either the open or closed range.

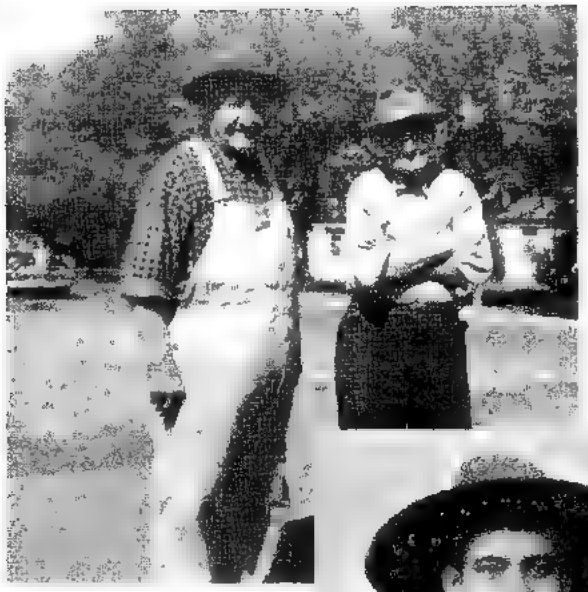
YET Charles Goodnight was more than just a frontier cattleman. In the Plains-Panhandle area, he was a dominant figure in the early struggle against organized cattle rustling, and backed his beliefs with guns and men. In the early eighties, with the growth of Mobeetie and Tascosa, the troubles of the cowmen of the Panhandle intensified. Crime was rampant and the outlaw element practically controlled the country. In the face of this situation, Goodnight urged the organization of responsible cattlemen and in 1881 the Panhandle Stock Association of Texas came into being.

The organization invited all reputable cowmen into its membership whether they owned one cow and horse or a thousand. Its operating expenses were raised by assessing its members according to the number of cattle they owned. The little man in its membership had as strong a voice in its affairs as the man who ran 20,000 head of cattle. The association hired lawyers, inspectors, detectives, and sought to promote law and order along with the welfare of its members. In addition, it lead the fight against free range, advocating leasing—and Charles Goodnight was in the forefront.

In the years when the buffalo slaughter was at its height, Goodnight cut out buffalo calves and put them in pens with Texas cows. When he left the JA and moved north to his own ranch, the buffalo herd went with him. One of them, having been nursed by Texas cows, readily served them when he grew to maturity. From this crossing came the half-breed cattalo, a breed that seemed immune to most range diseases, needed less forage than the average cow, and gained flesh faster. However, the high death rate due to abortion made it an expensive process. Goodnight gave it up and sold his herd of buffalo, although he always believed the cross breed superior to any other breed of cattle then known.

In 1890, Goodnight sold his interest in the Quitaque to his partner, L. A.

(Continued on page 64)



Above: Author Thomas Kendall, at left, with a friend. At right: the infamous Cherokee Bill.

Ed Bartholomew Collection

Cherokee Bill Shot Me!

By THOMAS B. KENDALL
as told to VIRGINIA D. CARD

The deputy was running for cover when someone called out to him. He paused in the open to listen—a perfect target for the desperate fugitive.

Author's note: Thomas Barney Kendall, now living in Klamath Falls, Oregon, is eighty-two years old. This story is a true account of a small portion of his interesting life—a scene often played in the Real West where lawman goes out to get outlaw and outlaw gets HIM. Not at all like the heroics you see on the screen, but men like Kendall were the real heroes of the Old West.

AS a kid in Iowa—where I was born in 1877—I wanted to be a cowboy. By 1893, I was buying and selling timber from Memphis, Tennessee, to St. Louis, Kansas City, Joplin, and on the Atcher in Indian Territory to feed my string of hot-shot mills.

I subleased land to white men that couldn't get along with the Indians enough to lease from them as I did. And after spending some time in the territory, I got to be great friends with lots of folks—especially the law. I was often deputized and went along to help bring in bad fellers. That's how I happened to be out after Cherokee Bill.

There was an old white man named Baker who was married to a squaw, and they had a half-breed son. They lived with two bucks, John Crow, a Shawnee Indian, and an Osage named Mudeater, out by White Oaks which was an Indian medicine man meeting place.

This bunch had been doing some stealing, and one day Cherokee Bill went out there and figured to do a little stealin' from them. He asked Baker to give him some horses. Of course, Baker offered to sell him horses, but Bill didn't care for the price as he was used to getting things free. A fight started and Bill killed the old man, the squaw and the son; then waited until the bucks came in and he killed them. He hung their bodies up in a tree out between White Oaks and Chelsea so passers could see them.

When word came in what had happened, Bud Ledbetter and Johnny Armstrong came over. I was deputized, and we saddled up and rode out along with a few other interested men. We followed this killer out from Nowatta past Chelsea and tracked him right up to Twin Mounds.

One of these Twin Mounds is about 200 feet high, and the top was covered with heavy blackjack timber. Below the timber was a clearing of about fifty yards; then the oaks and brush where we took cover. Cherokee Bill got up in the blackjacks on top, and we surrounded the mound and held him there, pinned in good.

TWO days, when you're doing something you like, isn't long. Two days setting out there, hid out in the brush with the bugs, and sun and dirt is a long time—not to mention the constant strain we were under to be sure that the killer didn't get out from there and away. We had plenty water and grub but it wasn't any feast. Cherokee Bill had less than we did, but his meanness made up for it.

As it neared evening of the third day. I got tired so I went over to Bud and said, "I am going in there after him right now."

Bud's face sort of tightened up and he said to me, "Tom, you better just stay put. If you try to go in there after him he'll kill you sure."

"Bud," I said, "He has been sittin' up there just as long as we've been sittin' here, and I reckon he is getting thirsty and hungry. He will just about get desperate soon as it is dark and he'll pull some trick and get out—maybe kill everyone here doing it. The way I see it, I'd better out-injun him before he out-injuns us." I started out.

A few steps took me to the edge of the heavy cover. I looked back and saw that Bud was watching and had his gun ready in case Bill saw me and showed himself. I dropped down flat and bellied along.

When I got within a dozen yards of the blackjack, I got up fast and took off like a scared rabbit, clearing clumps like a deer and running hell for cover. Just as I got to the timber, I heard Bud yell something but couldn't make out what he had said so I stopped and twisted around and hollered, "What's that?" to him.

I didn't know he had hollered that Bill had me pulled down fine in his gun sight. There I stood, a perfect dead-duck target for him. What a stupid thing to do. Then is when Bill let me have it—right in the back. I thought I was killed and I dropped fast.

Several shots were exchanged; then it got quiet. I wondered, "Am I going to just have to lay here and bleed to death?"

Then I saw Bud. He had bellied up to me. He began pulling his rifle, himself and my dead weight back down through that brush to cover. Some farmer had heard the shots and drove over in his wagon to see what was going on. Bud asked him to take me to Nowatta. All the time during that bumpy, miserable ride in the wagon, I got madder and madder at Bill, and hoped I'd get a chance to even the score.

Several days later, after having plain starved Cherokee out, Bud and the boys

(Continued on page 41)

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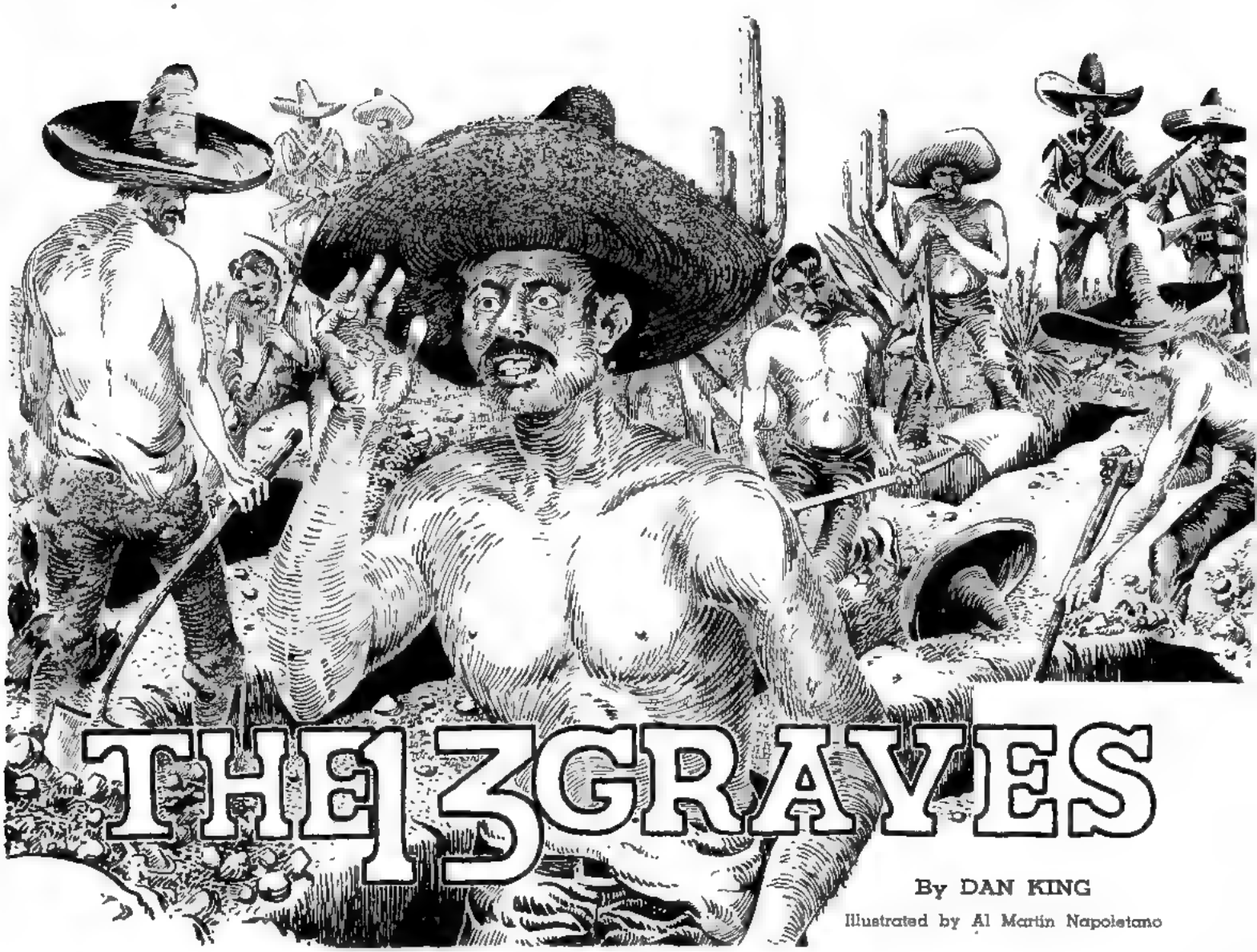

THE 13 GRAVES

By DAN KING

Illustrated by Al Martin Napoletano

Author's note: Near the town of Fronteras, Mexico, some forty-five miles south of Douglas, Arizona, on Mexican Highway 313, south out of Agua Prieta, are thirteen graves, poorly marked, some no longer discernible to the passing eye. They have been there for more than sixty years, and only a few who live in the area can tell you anything about them. I know about them because back in 1944 I spent some time checking the story and drove down to Fronteras to view them. They are on a little hill a quarter of a mile from the town, but unless someone points them out you would never find them.

THE story of the thirteen graves—a tale of pillage and murder that today would shock a nation—began at Nacozari, Mexico, the day Don Lauriano and Jim Crowley climbed into a buckboard and started for the Nacozari Mine. In the buckboard was a sack containing $36,000 in Mexican currency, representing the mine payroll.

A little way down the street the buckboard stopped for the mine mail and then drove on. Taking the payroll to the mine every week was a routine chore, but just in case of trouble Crowley carried a sawed-off shotgun. Both men wore gun belts.

Don Lauriano was a swarthy little man with deep-set eyes that examined every rock or bush at the side of the road, just on the chance that it was hiding a robber. He was expert at flicking horse flies off the team with his whip.

At a house along the road, the buckboard stopped briefly to pick up Ed Woodward, a stoop-shouldered bookkeeper who had just been hired and was making his first trip to the mine. He was nervous, apprehensive about the money. He had heard of Mexican road agents who would cut out a man's heart for that much. He wore a long-tailed black coat that made him look like a preacher, except that over the coat he wore a gun belt. He had been a bookkeeper in Tombstone, and knew the value of a gun in a country that spawned bandits by the dozens.

A couple of miles down the road the three men noticed a horseman coming up behind them.

"Why, it's young Dan Hughes," Crowley said. "I wonder what he wants."

Hughes was a money messenger for another mining company and traveled the desert alone, relying entirely on his knowledge of the terrain and its people, and on his ability to handle a six-gun. In his saddlebags was a sack containing about $40,000, so that when he caught up with the others there was $76,000 between them to tempt the outlaws.

"How about riding along with you fellows?" Hughes asked.

"Sure thing, lad. Glad to have you. Safer all the way around."

The trip to the mines was a two-day jaunt any way you figured it. If one left early in the morning he would not arrive before ten o'clock that night and travel at night was out. So the practice was to leave after noon and arrive at the mines before noon the next day. The mine Hughes worked for was in the same area as the one that employed the men in the buckboard.

As dusk came on they sighted the ranch of Don Tribolette, which was the stopover.

Two mine employes had been slain and a $76,000 payroll stolen. The ruthless Rurale leader avenged the murdering thieves with instant justice

But Hughes said he was going on. "I never stop there," he told Crowley. "I'd rather take my chances on a dry camp somewhere off the trail."

"But why?" Crowley asked. "We always stop there."

"I can't give you any definite reason," Hughes replied. "It's just a feeling I have about Tribolette."

"He's always been a dependable friend," Crowley argued. "Why kill yourself? Better change your mind."

But Hughes insisted that he was going on.

As Hughes rode off, he noticed several horsemen huddled behind the Tribolette corral. All looked like Mexicans. He thought perhaps they were Tribolette employes, yet he had never noticed so many riders before. Tribolette didn't have cattle, and so many riders in the corral raised Hughes' anxiety. The men had been holding a council of some sort. Over what, Hughes could not guess.

Hughes did not notice a clothes line stretched across the short cut he usually took to save a mile or two. It was just a little more than saddle high and almost dragged him from his horse before he could pull up.

He noticed as he backed up that he had knocked something off the line. Not wishing to offend Señora Tribolette, he stopped to replace it. It was a garment that would have a lot of meaning for him later on.

He pinned it back on the line and rode on.

THE next morning shortly after sunrise, a cowboy riding toward Tribolette's ranch came upon a sight in the road that froze his blood. Two mules lay dead, and beside them two white men. The mules were still hitched to the buckboard and had dropped in their tracks, each shot in the head. Both dead men had several bullet holes in them.

The cowboy recognized one as Don Lauriano, but the other was a total stranger. Later he was identified as the new mine bookkeeper, Woodward.

Both men had emptied their revolvers. Blood at the side of the road indicated that someone else had been injured.

The Rurales (Mexican state police) in Nacozari were notified and went to the scene. They knew that Crowley had accompanied the slain pair, and looked for his body. It was nowhere about. The payroll money was missing also. The iron cash box had been smashed and lay at the side of the road.

The three men in the buckboard, it was learned, had decided to leave Tribolette's ranch at four in the morning and the assault had obviously taken place an hour or so later.

Jacob Mendez, military aide-de-camp to Colonel Emilo Kosterlitzky, Polish emigrant who administered justice in that part of Mexico, was riding up out of Hermosillo with a detachment of Rurales when word of the attack reached him. Mendez had the extraordinary power, conferred upon him by Kosterlitzky, to deal out justice on the spot. A man could be caught, tried and hanged within thirty minutes, even less. This made Mendez one of the most feared and despised officials in all Mexico.

Pushing on to the scene of the twin

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slaying, Mendez questioned everyone in sight but learned little that was not already known.

Learning that young Hughes had ridden with the buckboard to the Tribolette ranch and continued on his way, Mendez sent three men to bring him in. They returned at dusk, Hughes riding as a prisoner, his hands tied behind him.

"Why am I treated like a criminal?" Hughes demanded indignantly. "I have done nothing wrong."

"We will see about that," Mendez told him in Spanish. "Did you ride with Crowley and the slain pair yesterday?"

"Si, señor, I did, but what has that to do with it? I did not see them after I left the Tribolette ranch."

Hughes said he had made a dry camp that night and ridden on to the mine the next morning where he had delivered the payroll.

As the questioning went on, one of the Rurales sent out to look for Crowley rode up with the guard across his saddle. Crowley was alive and apparently the only injuries he had suffered were those caused by having been tied to a tree all day, bound and gagged. Lack of water and his inability to breathe properly had cut down his strength until he could not stand when released.

Revived by several shots of tequila strong enough to put life into a stone Indian, Crowley finally came around and told what he knew of the shooting.

The mules had been frightened by a shot fired over their heads and plunged wildly, tipping over the buckboard. Tossed into the roadway, Crowley was reaching for his revolver when something descended upon his head. He knew no more until he came to sometime later across the back of a horse.

Taken into the desert by four men who wore masks, he was tied to a tree and at first preparations were made to shoot him.

Then apparently he was recognized and a small conference followed. Some one of the four masked desperadoes knew him—he was certain of that from their actions. But he couldn't guess which one of the four it was. He had, however, recognized a brand on one of the horses and traced it out in the dust with the toe of his boot. It was a Z-L and belonged to a Mexican rancher some twenty miles from the town of Fronteras.

One of the Rurales came forward holding a piece of cloth that had served as a mask. He said he had found it beside the road.

Hughes eyed the mask and nodded. "I've seen that cloth before," he told Mendez. "I am sure I know where that come from." Then he told of riding into the clothes line and knocking from it a pair of pearl-gray corduroy trousers.

"That mask is identical, a piece from those trousers, and I'll bet my life on it."

"We will look for the trousers," Mendez said, and sent men back to the Tribolette ranch to search it.

"I have seen a man in Fronteras wearing such trousers," one of the Rurales volunteered. "They call him El Diablo."

Mendez nodded. "I know him," he said. "He is related to almost everyone in Fronteras. His family is an old one there and has deep roots that spread out. Come, we will find him."

THE Rurales descended upon the town from four sides, taking it completely by surprise. They rounded up eleven men . . . El Diablo was not one of them. But he had been seen in town during the night, someone said.

A thorough search of neighboring haciendas failed to produce him. Many were related to him and maintained a stony silence when questioned.

Mendez called upon the mayor, Jesus Escalante, but the mayor was not in. He, too, had been missing for some hours. Mendez spread the word around that if Escalante did not show up within two hours, he would be considered a fugitive.

Within the time alloted him, Escalante, whose title as head of the city government was presidente which corresponded to the English word mayor, rode up nonplussed, his head high. He rode like a vaquero, tall and wiry in the saddle, with a head of iron-gray hair lending dignity to his bearing.

"A serious crime has been committed," Mendez told him, "and all male residents of Fronteras are under arrest as conspirators with your rancher neighbor, Señor Tribolette. You yourself, Señor Escalante, are under arrest and will stand trial with the rest." Mendez did not believe in wasting time. A mining company that paid taxes to help pay his salary had been the loser and somebody had to pay for it. Justice had to prevail, whether Mendez had the right men or not. It was most important to him that the mining company be avenged. It would be a feather in his cap.

"But I have committed no crime," Escalante protested vigorously. "I do not know what this is all about."

"We shall determine that at the trial," Mendez told him.

Each of the accused was brought in and heard separately. These proceedings were the trial itself, with Mendez sitting as judge and jury.

One by one those under arrest denied having any hand in the murder of the two men, but there were incriminating circumstances.

When it came Tribolette's turn to be heard he was shown a pair of pearl-gray corduroy trousers with a section of the right leg missing.

"Do you recognize these?" he was asked.

"No, señor, I have never seen them before."

"Do you mean to say that you do not recognize a pair of trousers that were up to last night hanging on your wife's clothes line?"

The rancher shrugged. "You would have to ask my wife."

The Rurales brought in Señora Tribolette.

"Do you recognize these corduroy trousers?"

"Si, señor. They belong to my husband."

"When did you see them last?"

"When I put them on the clothes line yesterday."

"And you have not seen them since?"

"No, señor."

Tribolette was then brought back and shown the mask with two eye holes in it that fit perfectly into the mutilated trousers.

"Your wife has identified these trousers as yours, Señor Tribolette. What have you to say about them now?"

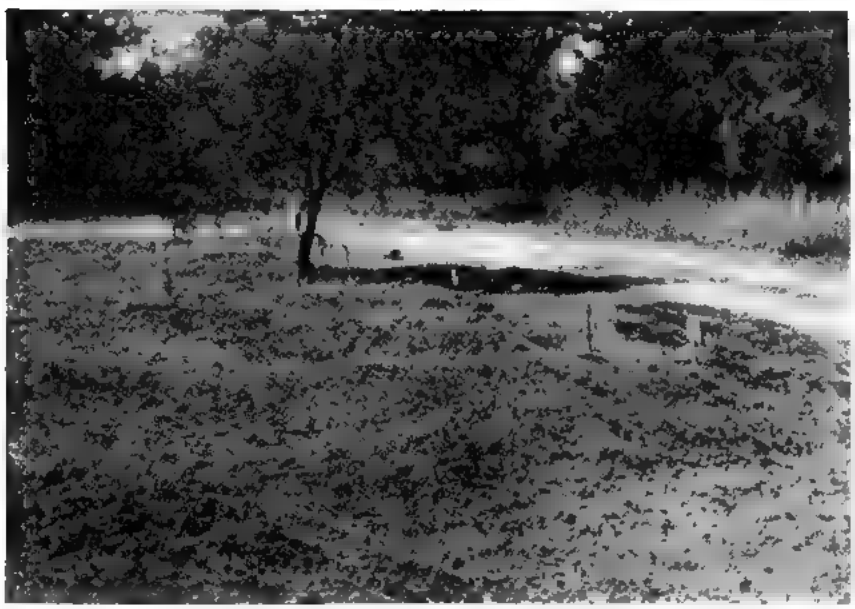
Tribolette took the trousers and examined them closely, inspecting the area that had been removed from the right leg.

"If I do not remember them, señor, it is because I have many trousers. If they are mine, as you say, then someone must have stolen them from off my wife's clothes line."

The next man questioned admitted everything. "It is true that I and the others you have arrested are guilty of murdering those men. There were eleven of us, including El Diablo. We did not kill Señor Crowley because some of us knew him and one man was his friend. The money was split between thirteen."

"You say there were eleven of you participating in the killing, yet the money was split between thirteen. Who were the other two?"

(Continued on page 50)



This is what time and neglect has left of the thirteen graves.

TRONIC DUCTION PROHIBITED

A respected geophysicist upholds the validity of the "Doodle Bug" as a scientific device for locating precious metals

Rods to Riches

By PETER REID

Photos by
Leland W. Hansen,
Bill Burrud Productions

Spanish Rods operated by the author, one of the few people in the world known to be able to use this lost art. A woman holding the opposite set of rods in invariably more efficient than another man. This picture is a still shot from Bill Burrud Productions' "Treasure" TV series. During the filming of Mr. Reid's "Doodle Bug" experiments in Mexico, a rich gold mine was actually discovered before the camera's eye. The episode will be telecast this winter.

HAVE you ever dreamed of a magic wand that would lead you to treasures of gold? Many have tried to perfect such a wondrous device, but the success of the completed instrument is usually limited to optimistic claims of what it can do, rather than what it has done.

Inventors who are associated with these gadgets are classified as "Doodle Buggers." They sincerely believe in their ability to locate lost treasures and mines. But aside from a few friends who have faith enough to become investors, the Doodle Bugger is unable to interest the hard-headed businessman in a "magic wand."

To the mining man, a Doodle Bugger is just a screwball to be avoided. He may entertain the intriguing thought that some wand-waver will perform a golden miracle, but he usually adopts a hands-off policy. His reluctant defense is, "Let someone else be the fool."

Even the person who is able to operate a Doodle Bug rarely understands the mysterious power that causes it to work. After many years of research, and as owner and operator of a Doodle Bug, I feel qualified to record my findings.

I probably have had more and better opportunities to pursue this study than the average Doodle Bug owner, because I have been directly connected with the mining industry for many years as a geophysicist. I had the great advantage of being able to compare my Doodle Bug results with recognized instrument records of properties I helped develop and which eventually became producing mines. My experiences were completely satisfying, and justified (in my opinion) the effort of trying to gain greater knowledge of the mystery involved.

Like many Doodle Bug owners, I disguised my instruments and tried to pass them off as electronic devices I had invented. The reason for this deception was fear of the ridicule an operator was sure to receive. Because of recent developments in the world of science, it is no longer necessary to make excuses for my dearest hobby. In fact, the Doodle Bug owner has the encouraging promise of gaining a recognition he never dreamed of—business and science are beginning to view his claims with an open mind.

Some great electronic experts are investigating and researching the history and possibilities presented by the Doodle Bug. One example is the theories advanced at Duke University in Durham, North Carolina . . . an answer based on wave lengths of the human body.

Long ago I played with this idea, but had no way of proving my theory. I had established to my own satisfaction the Doodle Bug could not be controlled by mental waves or thoughts, and I was reasonably sure no chemical reactions were involved. In my opinion, the answer to the mystery had to be in the electronic field of wave lengths. Everything I did suggested this was the logical answer. I personally experienced situations that supported this trend of thinking.

One instance that strengthened this possibility was when I accidently received an electric shock from an ordinary light socket. As a result, I found I was completely unable to operate my Doodle Bug for a period of twenty-four hours. Another noticeable effect involving an electrical influence is my inability to obtain results within a quarter-mile radius of high tension wires.

THE most vital part of the operation of my Doodle Bug is to get two people together who have the necessary body conditions that evidently activates the small metal rods. Exhaustive tests have proven beyond doubt, that very, very few possess the correct wave length. I have tested literally hundreds of men and women and found only three women and two men who proved satisfactory.

It seems pertinent that a woman always produced the most reliable results. Probably a super sensitivity is involved that female operators possess to a greater degree than males. Even the Spanish "diviner" owners made a

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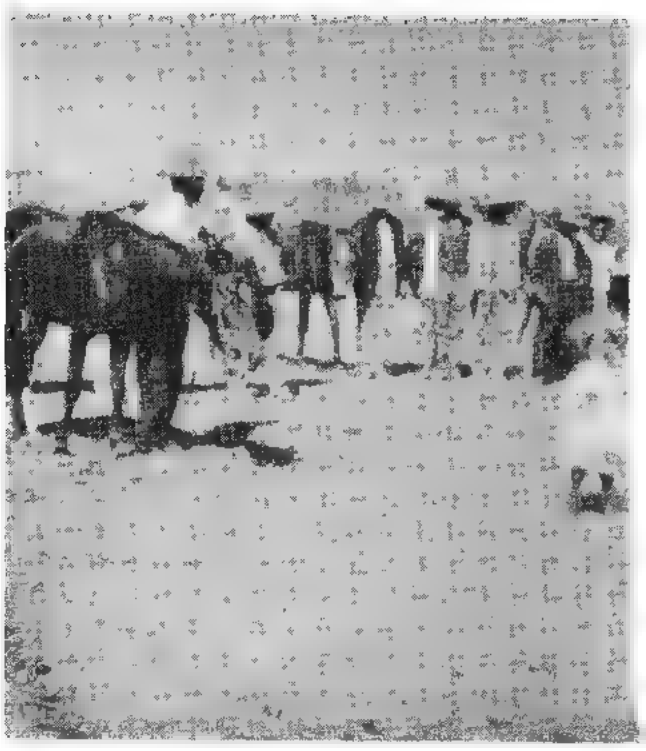
Mrs. Louise Willington, shown here on the veranda of her house, with the sword presented by Lopez.



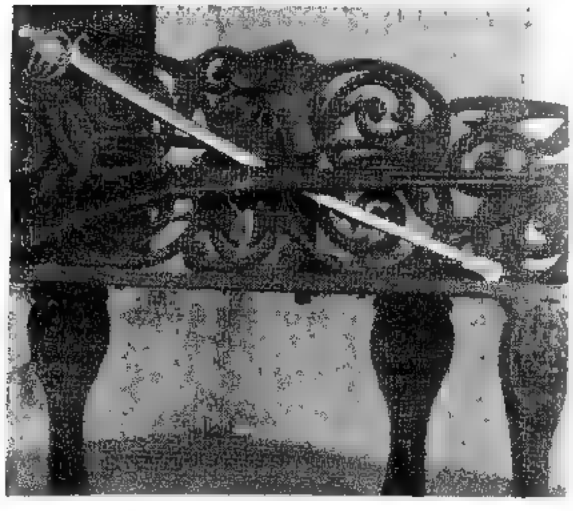
Group picture shows Willingtons' friend Abran Gonzales (on horse in center) and Pancho

We Outwitted Pancho Villa

By LOUISE HUCKABEE WILLINGTON

as told to JOHN A. MASTERS

Colonel Lopez' sword, pistol, rifle and gunbelt, well-preserved by the Willingtons.



THE United States Cavalry was stationed just across the road from us. I should have felt secure, but the knock on the door made me vaguely uneasy. Being alone in the house with my son for even a few minutes always made me nervous.

The long lines of Mexican troops filing past looked beaten, but one had no way of knowing whether Villa sympathizers were among them, awaiting an opportunity to steal or murder. The muddy Rio Grande, running a few hundred yards from my back door, offered them quick escape.

My caller was a fine specimen of a man, resplendent in the gaudy uniform of the Mexican Federal Army. Sensing my fear, he said courteously, "A thousand pardons, Señora. Permit me to introduce myself. I am Colonel Villa Lopez of the Federal Army of the Republic of Mexico."

"Yes, Colonel. What do you wish of me?"

He glanced anxiously about him in the gathering dusk. Beyond him I could see another Mexican officer holding two horses some fifty yards in front of our house.

"As you undoubtedly know, Señora, bad times have fallen upon us. That unspeakable jackel Villa has cut my command to pieces, and we have been obliged to seek refuge in your country. It is known to me that the Señor Willington has often been a guest in my country, and though it pains me deeply, I have no choice but to seek his aid in returning to my native land."

"The Señor Willington is not here, Colonel."

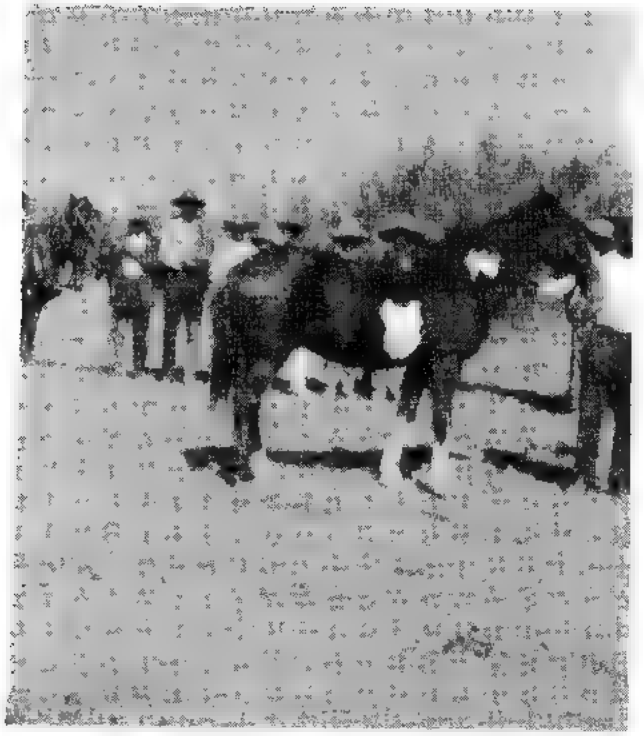
"Then, please, Señora, may I come in and await his return?"

I was at a loss to know what to do, but the pleading in his great expressive eyes touched me. I knew from what I had seen earlier that his forces had indeed taken a beating at the hands of Villa's forces, and it seemed unfair that he should have to endure the further indignities of internment by the American army.

"Please, come in and enjoy what poor hospitalities my house affords," I told him in Spanish.

He seemed startled that I spoke his tongue. Turning quickly to the man holding the horses, he gave a series of sharp commands. The man at once led the horses toward our corral. Seemingly from nowhere, a group of soldiers materialized, and with great solemnity and ceremony stacked their rifles and ammunition belts on our veranda. The man with the horses reappeared. I gathered that he had concealed their saddles in our tool shed.

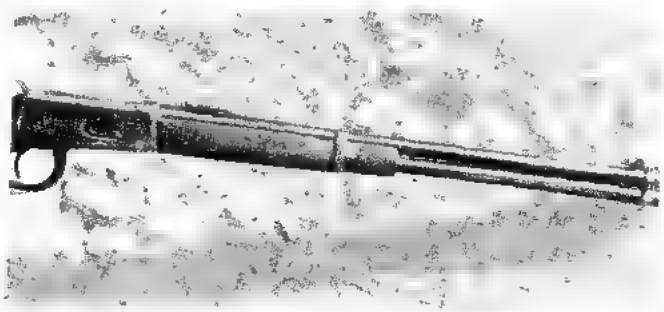
The colonel addressed his men in rapid fire Spanish that I could not



Villa (second man to right of Gonzales' horse's nose); boy in front center is Walter Willington.

General Francisco (Pancho) Villa posed for this picture at Mrs. Willington's request in 1910.

"His inscrutable black eyes, often upon us, gave me the uneasy feeling he knew . . ."



Close-up of Colonel Lopez' gun. Note bullet marks on the front.

completely follow, but I gathered that he was telling them that they would fight again another day. He was almost overcome with emotion, and at his "Vaya con Dios," they whirled their horses in orderly fashion and joined the stream of refugees filing past. With tears streaming unashamedly down his face, the colonel watched them for a moment. Then he turned and entered the house, closely followed by the second officer, who was his aide-de-camp.

When my husband returned soon afterward, he was completely in accord with my actions. He and the Mexican officers quickly moved the pile of rifles and ammunition to the concealment of the tool shed, and we met for a council of war to plan our future moves.

BOTH my husband and I knew well the dangers of the situation. We had come to Presidio in 1901. My husband, surveyor for the Kansas City, Mexican and Orient Railroad, had brought the line into Presidio. For some years now, he had been engaged in surveying the route the railroad was to take to Chihuahua City and the interior. When the rumble of the approaching revolution had been heard, he abandoned the job and returned to the United States to await developments.

We first heard of the revolution and Pancho Villa about 1910. Madera, who was to head the revolution, was regarded by most as an intellectual dreamer until he joined forces with Villa and other insurgent elements. It was shortly after the formation of this powerful combine that we first met Villa.

One day we went into town for our mail, and as we left the post office, my husband was hailed by Abran Gonzales, whom he had known as the Governor of the State of Coahuila while surveying in Mexico. He was accompanied by a rather large Mexican who sported a handle bar mustache. Gonzales introduced him to us as Pancho Villa, and told us they were in Presidio on a horse buying expedition.

Villa was quite courteous, and posed willingly at my request for pictures. I was surprised when he doffed his hat to me to see that his hair was reddish brown and quite kinky. His square stolid face suggested Negroid ancestry, but I have no knowledge of his parentage, and cannot say that he was other than Mexican.

We saw no more of Villa for several years. Tales of his activities came to us regularly, but it was not until 1914 that we met again. We had a farm down the river from Presidio, and in late fall of 1914, we had gone there in a hack to set out fruit trees.

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The Willington home where Colonel Lopez and his aide were harbored for ten days and nights. The Santa Cruz range in background.

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Four of the Tacoma businessmen who became rugged miners in the rugged Snoqualamie country. Left to right, D. G. Templeman, driver Vern Brett, L. M. Bray and Jack Long are working Shaky Bill's old mine in the Cascade Mountains.

We Found A Lost Gold Mine

By CHARLES L. LONG

Map by Lowell Butler

THE Shaky Bill Mine wasn't one of those fabulously rich mines you read about—it only produced about $60,000 in two years time—but it was one of the most talked-about lost mines in this part of Washington state.

The Shaky Bill strike was made in Red Gulch, high in the Cascade Mountains, about one and a half miles southwest of the fabulous Monte Cristo District where several million dollars of gold was mined in 1910. The fellow that discovered this vein claimed he had enough gold to break the bank at Monte Cristo—hence, the name.

Shaky Bill was an old character who got his nickname from the palsy which caused his hands and head to tremble continuously. No one knows when he found his mine, but by 1910 it was well-known that he was working one. People around Mineral City used to say Bill would slip away in the dead of night and head for his diggings.

Several times someone had tried to follow him, but he always managed to elude his trackers. No one was ever able to trace his trail. As Shaky Bill recovered gold, he carried it out on his back. He repeated this operation several times a year. He never filed a claim, so the location couldn't be detected through records.

The old prospector finally became so afraid someone would jump his claim that he confided in a young man named Frank Griffith. He took Griffith to the mine, and said that if anything ever happened to him, he wanted Frank to take over the operation as his own.

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No one knew where Shaky Bill got his gold– not for almost fifty years when five Tacoma businessmen set out to find uranium

Soon after that, the young man was called to the army in World War I. After the war, he returned to his beloved hills to find that his benefactor had passed away.

Frank loaded up with supplies and started out to claim his mine. But things had changed since the war . . . railroad tunnels had been dug, roads had been built, and other general changes had taken place. Frank lost his bearings and did not know which way to go. His "key to a fabulous fortune" unlocked nothing more than conjecture about Old Shaky's mine that peppered front-porch conversations for fifty-five years.

WHEN early in the summer of 1955, I joined four other Tacoma, Washington, men on a prospecting trip into the Snoqualamie National Forest. The party included D. G. Templeman, C. R. Taylor, L. M. Bray, W. R. Taylor and me, C. L. (Jack) Long. We were looking for uranium.

We drove our car up a rutted logging road as far as we felt it was wise; then pulled off the road and parked. Carrying only the most necessary equipment, we continued on foot up this road to the remains of Mineral City. All that was left of the old town were a few broken down shacks and a pump house that evidently had supplied water from cold, crystal-clear Silver Creek which flows nearby.

About half a mile beyond Mineral City, D. G. Templeman and I branched off up another unused logging road. Not much more than a trail, the road was log-strewn and covered with underbrush. We could hardly tell when we were on the road or in the forest.

A mile or so up the trail, we entered a blind canyon. The sight that greeted us was awesome, but not very encouraging—a miniature Grand Canyon. The canyon walls ran almost straight up, for over a thousand feet. The boulder-covered floor, ranging from fifty to seventy-five feet wide, rose at a thirty-degree angle for several hundred feet; ending abruptly in the dark, gaping mouth of a large glacier.

Undaunted by the terrain, we continued the hazardous trek up the canyon, struggling foot by foot, boulder after boulder. Float containing gold, silver and copper began to appear among the boulders on the canyon floor.

Spurred by this discovery, Templeman and I began breaking this rock—then that rock the float becoming heavier and heavier in mineralization. We raced on, stumbling, crawling, climbing; labored breathing burned our lungs, but still we climbed.

The wind coming down off the glacier was raw and cold, but perspiration poured down our bodies, stinging our eyes and nostrils. Our shirts were cold and clammy against our backs, but we kept pushing forward.

Finally, it seemed we could no longer drag our leaden feet. Afraid to sit down because of cramping legs, we leaned back against the sheer cliff wall to rest a spell.

The needle on the Geiger counter started going crazy—it was banging the peg so hard it actually bent itself out of shape. We went crazy, too. Exhaustion evaporated; excitement hit us like fever. We grabbed our picks and hammers, and tore into the wall like maniacs. Finally, we had sense enough to feel the falling rock and gravel that bounced off our heads and backs, and stepped back to take stock of the situation.

We took a large sample of the ore and tested it on the counter again to be sure it still registered. Satisfied that this was a uranium vein, we headed back toward the trail with the sample.

We met the other three at the car, and went back to Tacoma to discuss the find and decide what action to take. That night, we formed the Mineral Gorge Mining and Developing Company, Inc.

NEXT morning, Templeman, W. R. Taylor and I loaded a jeep with supplies and camping gear, and went back to Red Gulch to start staking claims. In this rugged terrain, it took seven hours of really hard work just to climb 1,500 feet (the length of a claim), chopping out trees and brush and fighting malicious deer flies all the way. Our mouths became dry from thirst, our tongues swollen, but although we could see water in the creek 500 feet below—even hear and smell it—we couldn't get a drop to drink.

At night we'd return to camp. We had pitched it in the center of the canyon among the boulders, which served as tables and chairs. Those rocks felt like overstuffed furniture to us. Bedrolls laid out on a tarp over the gravel seemed like feather beds after a day's struggle, and sleep was no problem. Mornings were more difficult, but after an awakening wash in the ice cold creek below the glacier, we were ready for more claim-staking.

After about four days of washing in and drinking from the creek, our towels and clothing turned a deep copper color. This was caused by the heavy mineralization in the creek. The water was also mildly radioactive from flowing over the vein of pitchblende. But it didn't seem to effect us.

After a month of backbreaking labor, where a misstep meant either death or a badly mangled body, the staking was finally completed. Next came the discovery cuts, done the hard way with a double jack, star drill and dynamite. All that was left now was the recording of our claims in the county seat.

Knowing that the upper end of the canyon would be filled by the glacier when winter snows began, we moved out of the canyon to avoid being trapped.

THE canyon was completely filled with snow and ice when we returned late

(Continued on page 51)

Jack Long and Earl Rider, a worker, stand in the tunnel mouth to show its size. Notice the ropes and men working higher up on the sheer cliff wall.

THE LAST REBELLION

By BURL TUTTLE

ON U. S. Registration Day, October 16, 1940, all male Indians between the ages of twenty-one and thirty-six inclusive were enrolled all over the various reservations. In only one instance was there trouble. Pia Machita, chief of a small sub-tribe of Papagos occupying the Kickiwan area northwest of Ajo, Arizona, ordered his tribesmen not to register. They obeyed.

The situation was an old and exasperating story to government officials. Pia Machita was a trouble maker by nature; he had kicked up many a ruckus before. All his life, for example, he had stubbornly insisted that he and his people were really Mexicans refusing to recognize the Gadsden Purchase of 1853 by which the area in which the tribe lived became U. S. territory. The chief flatly refused to co-operate with the Indian Service in any way, shape or manner. He regarded all white men as interlopers, including the inspectors for the State Sanitary Service for livestock. He had consistently refused to have his people counted for the national census. Once he had bluntly told the reservation superintendent to stay where he belonged and leave his people alone. In short, Pia Machita was about as unreconstructed a savage as you could find. But his final revolt against the Selective Service Act landed him in Federal Penitentiary, scared the hellishness out of him, and ended his long-standing feud with the government. Yet, for awhile there in 1940, the defiant old chief sure made the fur fly.

On the night of October 16 of that year, Chief Deputy U. S. Marshal Henry Smith headed a group composed of Roswell Manuel, chief of the Indian Police; Pete Jose, night watchman for the town of Sells; Fred H. Claymore, chief registrant of the district; and Jose Ignacio, then chief of the tribal council. The party set out for Pia Machita's village of Toapit to place the old firebrand under arrest. The mission failed dismally when forty of the chief's young men beat up most of the officers and chased all of them out of the village. Nobody pulled a gun, so there were no casualties.

Deputy Marshal Smith promptly swore out a warrant for the rebellious Indians for assault, but when officers went to arrest the gang they found the village deserted. The quarry had slipped across the border and was hiding out in Mexico.

THE federal authorities let the matter rest for several months. Then U. S. Marshal Ben McKinney, who had run cattle in the region for years and knew every foot of the ground, got an aviator friend to fly him over the Kickiwan area. The Indians had returned to their homes. The marshal organized a strong posse to carry out the mass arrest. Seventeen officers, including most of McKinney's deputies, several policemen and Indian Service officers, left for Kickiwan during the night. At sunup they moved into the area. Marshal McKinney, piloted by his aviator friend, flew down to provide aerial reconnaisance and direct the hunt from the air.

Indians scattered into the mesquite like rabbits at the roar of the low-flying plane. McKinney dropped messages from the air, directing the posse where to find the fleeing red men. The novel human roundup was a resounding success.

Chief Pia Machita—whose name translated means "He has no grindstone," but commonly called Old Grindstone—was just getting up when Deputy U. S. Marshal Richard S. Griffith and his posse reached the old man's house. The arrest was effected with no trouble. The Indian policemen diplomatically informed Old Grindstone that Griffith was chief of the officers and wanted him to ride with him in his car. The chief grinned broadly and went along peacefully.

After serving a portion of his eighteen months sentence, Pia Machita was released. The old chief was met at the train on his return from prison by Marshal McKinney himself, and was sent back to his village with all due ceremony.

Pia Machita is a good patriotic American today. Many of his young men were drafted and served with distinction during the war. An Indian in full war paint was one of the first paratroopers to land in Normandy on D-Day.

Thus ended the last Indian rebellion against the Great White Father in Washington.

One of the few remaining covered brid
1864 after the first bridge washed out in
Archie Stevenot saved the famous brid
threatened in 1957. O'Bryne's Bridge—21
built over the Stanislaus River by ingeni
for The Pony Express, too!
this picture.

HOSS SENSE AND KIDS

By GEORGE PHILLIPS

AS the country changes, so also do the people. We used to strive to give our kids a college education, and still do. We wanted them to become lawyers, doctors, statesmen, etc. Nothing was too good for our kids, no goal they couldn't reach—or so we fondly told ourselves.

Right about then we'd run into some knothead young'un who couldn't learn a damn thing! Such kids were left at home to become farmers and cowboys. Such vocations, we calculated, required no education and very little sense. Neither parents nor teachers made a scientific study of the kids to see what *they* wanted to do. (Nowadays it's all changed; cattle people and farmers are being scientifically educated in their chosen profession.)

But how about the knothead kids we left at home to become cow servants and plow jockeys? Well, once in a while, one of those dumb appearing, chuckle-headed lads would bust loose in the fields of finance, statesmanship, literature or some other worthy profession and astonish the old folks and everybody else. They had good old common cow sense and hoss sense, hardly developed in meeting and conquering the every day problems of life. We, their parents, just didn't pay enough attention to them to realize that they were smart in certain lines,

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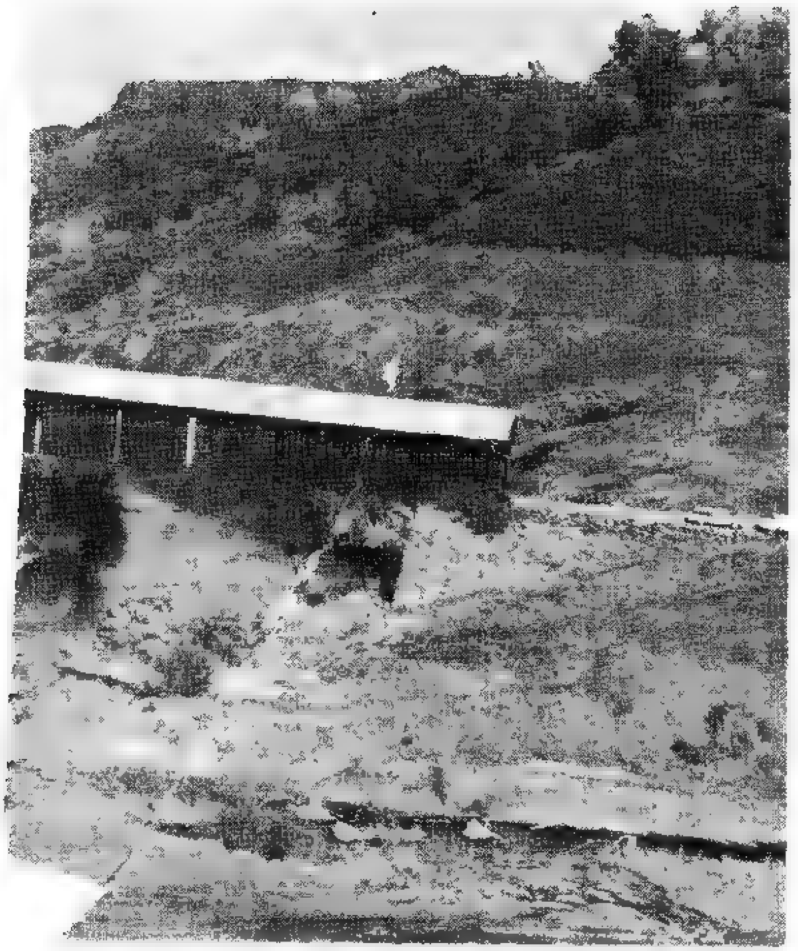

as is the historic O'Bryne's Bridge re-built in
ie northern California flood of 1862. Californian
at O'Bryne's Ferry when its existence was
feet long, 25 feet high and 20 feet wide—was
s engineers. Jake Lorang, official photographer

ld Days

so they had to make their fight unaided. Some of the most *intelligent* and greatest men the world has ever known could hardly write their own names. Education is a wonderful thing if there is a solid foundation to build on—good, dependable hoss sense.

If we took as much interest in our children as we used to take in our livestock—especially our hosses—we'd have a better and saner world. If a lad early shows a liking and an interest in livestock or farming, we should educate him in that line. We already have institutions of learning which specialize in such things. To hell with astronomy and Latin and trigonometry! If your lad or lassie shows an aptitude for exaggeration and prevarication, and is continuously popping off and you can't beat it out of 'em—why then, just give he or she a course in law, politics or the newspaper business. Still, to be a real success in any of these professions requires considerable hoss sense.

BACK in the old days when hosses were the only means of travel and the country was unfenced and wide open, every spring and summer was hoss-breakin' time. It wasn't the best riders that were the best bronc-busters, like you see it done in the movies. No, the best bronc-buster was a man of great patience, a big batch of gray matter between his ears and considerable heft on the end of a rope. In other words, a successful bronc stomper had to have as much or mebbe more sense than the hoss he was trying to break. Such a man was scarce in those days, even as today. Such men are the kind of teachers we need in our public schools today. Thank the good Lord we have a few!

When the rough edge was knocked off the broncs, and you could stop 'em and turn 'em and get off an' on without them stampeding or sticking a foot in your vest pocket—then and not before, they were turned over to the regular cowboys to train. The bronc-buster would say to the boss: "Now that brown pony will make a shore enuf cuttin' hoss . . . that little feller will make a good night hoss . . . that big dun will make a good rope hoss . . . and that little pinto will make a good kid pony and one your wife can ride."

By the time the busters had put the broncs through kindergarten they knew pretty much all about 'em. Then the hosses were divided out among Bill and Sam and Tom to train, to be put through high school, and those that panned out good were put through college to finish their education. The hoss trainers wouldn't try to train a high-headed, star-gazing, limber-necked cayuse for a cuttin' hoss, nor a flighty-figetty owl-headed animal for a night hoss or a kid pony. They used hoss sense.

Some hosses—like some kids—weren't worth a damn for anything. They wouldn't quit pitching and kicking and raising all-around hell. When you'd pitch your rope on one of them, you'd have to choke him down to bridle and saddle him. Just pure cussed and owl-headed and hard to learn. They were used for drive or circle work. It wasn't necessary for a drive hoss to have much intelligence—just git up and git and never tire. When he was unsaddled and his bridle slipped off, the puncher would give him a swift kick in the rear end. That was all the petting he got, and all he deserved, I reckon, for being so dumb. Those were the kind of hosses we shipped off to the farms in Louisiana and to the Rough Riders during the Spanish-American War. We and as for the Rough Riders—well, any kind of a cayuse was good enough for a Rough Rider, just so he'd go.

We don't train hosses any more to cut and rope and night herd. Now, by gravey, we train 'em to chase a little ball and to go full speed and collide with other fool hosses chasin' the same little ball! Also, our modern-day hosses have to pace and canter and single-foot for the pleasure of the dudes and dudesses. A cowboy on the old-time ranches wouldn't ride a gaited hoss at all—they couldn't get over the malpais and gullies and through the brush, nor stop and turn quick. But nowadays we don't need any more trained hosses on the ranches. We've got our branding and dehorning chutes, and cut 'em through gates. So it's adios, old cow hosses.

And it shore looks like adios to many other things in the cow country—all over the country, in fact. A youngster don't even need to be trained in penmanship; we have our typewriters. Mathematics? Heck, no! We have adding, subtracting and multiplying machines to take care of all that. We also have television and canned music, canned oratory and canned yodeling. All we need to do is to sit down at home, let our eyes bug out and our ears hang down and look and listen. We get everything from everywhere right at home, without lifting a finger.

Danged if I know what the world is coming to nor when! Some of our most learned scientists predict that within another century or two we will lose, through non-use, our thinking facilities and the use of our lower limbs. One thing is sure—we've about quit doing any walking already. Paw drives a jeep on the range; Maw drives a two-ton car to the super market; Sonny Boy drives a beat-up hot rod to high school. So it goes these days, and some folks call it progress. Me—I call it something else, but the Editor can't print it in a family magazine like *True West*.

HEAP GOOD

By BILL HUNTINGTON

I remember back when the government was trying to make farmers out of the Crow Indians on the Crow Reservation in Montana. A boss farmer was appointed. There were several big powwows held to get the Indians interested in farming. The government issued the

(Continued on page 60)

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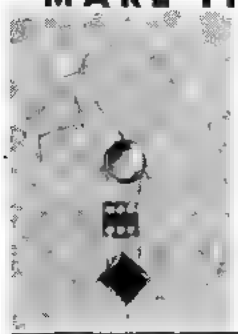

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Rods to Riches

(Continued from page 27)

note of this evident superiority. Science is handicapped in its endeavors due to the recognized scarcity of perfectly-matched operators. It is apparent a well-matched team would have a world of opportunity, including fame and fortune, ahead of them.

For many years I believed that it was my rods that had the ability to locate and measure the extent of the discovery. Eventually, I accepted the fact that they have no capabilities whatsoever. It was established beyond doubt that the rods are only a visual indicator of what the body senses.

In my tests, the distance of locating accurately ranges up to 1,000 feet with a woman operator compared to 100 feet in the same situation with a man. These figures were established on known mapped ore bodies at depths of very shallow up to 710 feet, proven by diamond drilling.

Loose gold and silver objects buried at random to test the operators of a Doodle Bug are not readily detected. However, I have located a single gold bearing piece of quartz weighing thirty-

Phil Meling uses a Willow Switch to find subterranean water. Switch is used to cross-check Spanish rods which will "read" on underground streams carrying mineralized sands.

seven pounds at a depth of three feet which appeared to have been buried for a great many years. But loose gold and silver articles buried in the same hole the quartz was removed from could not be detected through the use of my Doodle Bug.

In another test with ten silver dollars that were buried, the visual action of the rods was negative at time of burial, slightly noticeable in three months, and considerably improved action at the end of six months. During these tests, a woman once more demonstrated her superior ability. The man operator received only a slight indication at the end of six months and nothing up to that time.

ANOTHER established fact is the difference in the distance of detection in salt water and fresh water compared to a land operation. On land, the range is up to 1,000 feet; fresh water, 1,500 feet; and for some unknown reason, salt water permits a baffling 3,000 feet.

Upon investigation of several underwater findings, they all turned out to be mineralized sand pockets. These pockets are a continuous headache to a Doodle Bug operator, but they can be quickly eliminated with the use of modern day instruments. Another problem that confounds the Doodle Bugger is the ever present underground stream bearing mineralized sands. This, too, can be identified by modern methods involving very little time and effort. No doubt mineralized sand pockets and underground streams have played a part in dashing the high hopes of many treasure hunting expeditons who were convinced their Doodle Bug had located the buried loot.

No longer am I easily fooled by the action of my rods. Experience has taught me how to distinguish between a true or false lead. My trying years of research were not in vain.

In our world of open minded acceptance of things heretofore thought impossible, science will no doubt soon solve the Doodle Bug mystery. The Spaniards in their search for gold profited by the services of their "Spanish rod" diviners.

Events seem to indicate that those of us possessing the super sensitivity needed to operate a so-called Doodle Bug may someday be recognized for guiding rods to riches.

Scotty's Coyote Special

(Continued from page 9)

in one hour and five minutes; ten minutes ahead of the railroad's fastest schedule.

It picked up a helper engine to climb the grade of Cajon Pass. Then, near the top, the helper was cut loose without stopping the train and ran ahead onto a siding, the switch thrown instantly behind it. This was the first time that such a thing had ever been done in railroading

Engines were changed with amazing speed along the route, the railroad considering eighty seconds "slow time."

A few minutes before the end of each division, Scotty would climb onto the tender and hand out $20 gold pieces to Engineer John Finlay, the fireman and division superintendent.

Nineteen engineers handled the train on the 2,244½-mile run. They became known on the Santa Fe as the "Nervy Nineteen."

BY the time the train rolled into Chicago at 11:54 a.m. (Central time) on July 11, it had become a front page sensation across the land. The run of forty-four hours and fifty-four minutes set a new speed mark between Los Angeles and Chicago, and on a 2.8-mile stretch from Cameron to Surrey, Illinois, the Special rolled at 106 miles per hour to set a world record.

But it did more than that. It assured a place for Death Valley Scotty as a living American legend. And the legend survives, although it was long ago revealed that Walter Scott had no fabulous gold mine. Instead he had a fabulous backer: Albert M. Johnson, a Chicago millionaire who became Scotty's alter-ego.

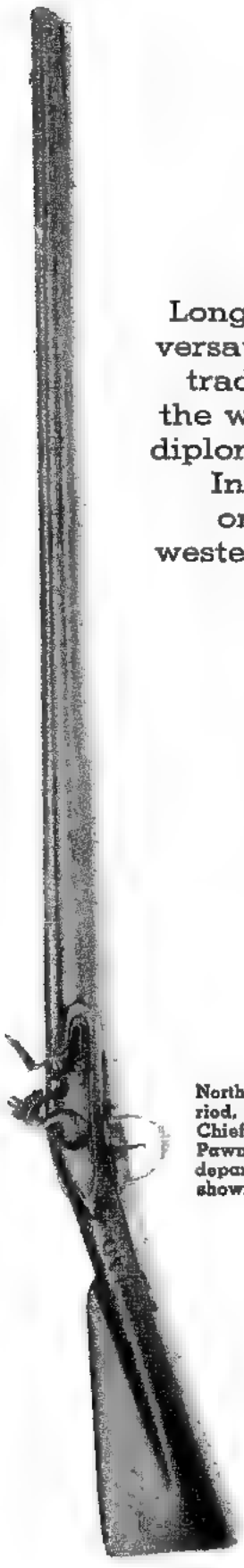
Scotty's Castle remains the principal tourist attraction of Death Valley. Tales of Scotty provide the touch to intrigue every tenderfoot in the land of the 120-degree heat and the old borax mines.

It is doubtful that anybody ever bought himself greater fame with $5,500 than did Walter Scott in the Santa Fe office on that hot day in July of 1905.

THE NORTHWEST GUN

By K. D. CURTIS

Photos Courtesy Nebraska Historical Society



Long, light and versatile the fur trade gun was the white man's diplomat among Indian tribes on the early western frontier.

Northwest Gun, 1810 period, said to belong to Chief Tecumseh of the Pawnees. British Indian department markings are shown on the stock.

ONE of the huntingest men in American history, Old Jim Bordeaux, would smile right through his wild, scraggly whiskers if he knew that they had opened the new Fur Trade Museum on Bordeaux Creek, near Chadron, Nebraska.

This memorial to fur trading sits on the spot where once Old Jim erected his hand-hewn trading post—in the 1840 center of a hunting and trapping empire so vast that even the bold adventurers who made Fort Bordeaux never knew just how big its map-less domain was. Only Lewis and Clark—who preceded Bordeaux by some twenty-five years—could guess close.

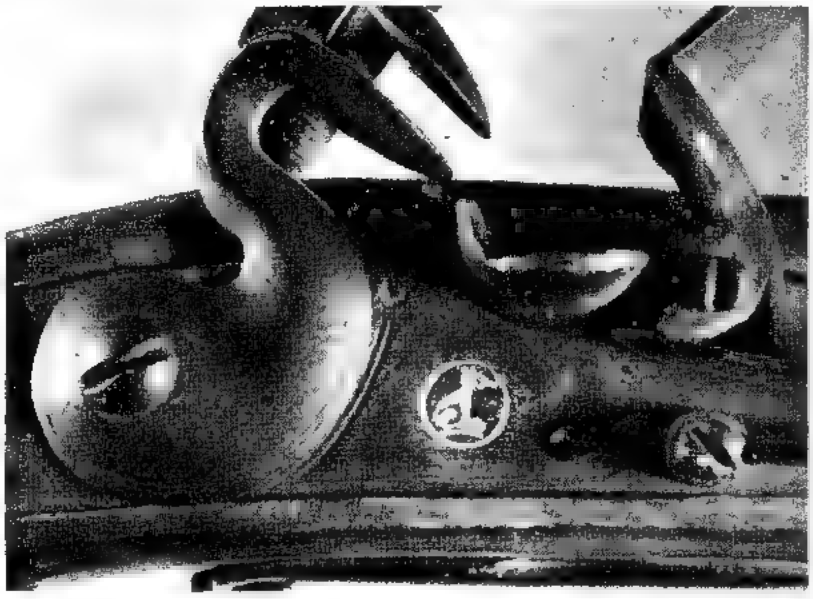
In this museum, conceived and developed by Curator Charles E. Hanson, is perhaps the outstanding collection of fur traders' guns in the world. About eighty guns are individually cased along the walls among other relics of "trappin' 'n tradin'" days—including "swappin'" bric-a-brac, such as Chinese beads and dyes and European gewgaws to intrigue Indian bucks and maidens.

Each gun brings back stories of regionally and nationally important explorers and traders. Stout, fearless hunters with the restlessness and stamina of the beasts they stalked—men who prowled the upper Missouri Valley, the Rockies, the central plains. They brought in the pelts wanted by the American Fur Company, the Rocky Mountain Fur Company, lesser firms—and that overlord, the mighty Hudson Bay Company.

Ask a firearms fan to name a gun of the Lewis and Clark days, and he'll probably describe the U. S. Rifle of 1803-1814 model, with stock shorter than the early Kentuckies, a deeply-curved butt plate, a lower rib on the barrel to take ramrod pipes, brass at the patchbox, guards and thimbles. He'll say—and rightly—the caliber was about .52 to .54, with some barrels turned to roundness to reduce weight.

Guns of the First Settler Era are more easily identified because they're not too uncommon in museums and collections. Thinking of this era—the 1860's—military-minded gun hounds will describe the Spencer repeater which, after 1870, was taken over by Winchester. This first repeater fired seven .56 caliber rim-fire shots through a trap in the butt plate. Later, Blakeslee devised an improved "tube-loader" which speeded fire. This lever-action rifle weighed ten pounds, was about forty-seven inches long. There were smaller adaptations: thirty-nine inches long, weight eight pounds, .54 caliber rim-fire. When thinking of the 1870's, there was the Model 73 Winchester .44 caliber, lever-action smooth-bore that fabulous marksman William "Doc" Carver made internationally famous.

HISTORICALLY, the fur trade gun fits into the era of about 1812 to the 1840's. Obviously, this fits the years between Lewis and Clark and the time of the gunsmoke of the cattle barons and the homesteader. Gun curators sometimes call the fur trade piece the "Northwest Gun." We'll do it here.



Close-up of the very early Wheeler Northwest Gun, shows details of the "Big-Headed" fox.

Students should remember the word "trade" when thinking of the Northwest Gun. Its design and history are entwined with politics, military history and diplomacy—even in days before true mass production. Politics entered when federal politicians, having decided to supply rifles to some Indians under a government contract, had to choose between the guns of Joseph Henry, Jacob Gumph, Christopher Gumph. H. E. Lemen

(Continued on following page)

Bass Fishermen will Say I'm Crazy—

—until they try my method

Just One Trial Will Prove That I Make Every Fisherman's Dream Come True

I have no fishing tackle to sell. I make a good living out of my profession. But fishing is my hobby. And because of this hobby, I discovered a way to get those giant bass—even in waters most fishermen say are *fished out.*

I don't spin, troll, cast or use other method you ever heard of. Yet, without live or prepared bait, I can come home with a string of 5 and 6 pound beauties while a man twenty feet away won't even get a strike. You can learn my method in a few minutes. It is legal in every state. All the equipment you need costs less than a dollar and you can get it in any local store.

The chances are no man who fishes your waters has ever used my method—or even heard of it. When you have tried it—just once—you'll realize what terrific bass fishing you've been missing.

Let me tell you about this method—and explain why I'm willing to let you try it for the whole fishing season without risking a single penny of your money. There is no charge for this information—now or any other time. But I guarantee that the facts I send you can get you started toward the greatest bass fishing you have ever known. Send me your name today—letter or postcard. You've got a real fishing thrill ahead of you. Eric L. Fare, Highland Park 11, Illinois

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and others. Military factors were considered when the people remembered how Great Britain had tried to enlist Western Indians on their side of the War of 1812.

Some guns of this period were manufactured in quantity strictly as barter for furs. Therefore, some historians erroneously say the quality and shape of the barrel had other purposes besides performance. It is alleged the "thin" barrel made it unsuited to warfare—in case the Indian decided to turn against the white man who supplied the gun. Again, 'tis said, Indians had to stack beaver pelts the "height" of the barrel to purchase the gun; naturally, it was "long and thin." To match some barrels would require upwards of twenty beaver pelts. Lengths ranged from thirty to forty-eight inches—with Indians preferring shorter and lighter designs.

Some of this misunderstanding is due to the fact that the famed Kentucky Rifle, the Hawken, Sharpe, Winchester and other early West guns are not sufficiently distinguished from the fur traders' Northwest Gun. The latter is often considered inferior to these famous models.

Actually, trade guns were dependable in quality and performance. They had design deliberately adapted to needs of the day.

They were "light" because Indians had to pack them over long, weary trails in search of edible and fur-bearing game. Long barrels increased shooting distance. They packed the wallop necessary to pull down a bull bison being chased by a mounted horseman.

Catlin, the famed early West painter, saw Kenneth McKenzie kill five bison with his smooth-bore in a mile chase; Batiste Lafontaine dropped twelve in six minutes; Culbertson could fire almost a dozen times in a mile. All these men were famous frontiersmen of their day.

These guns were perfectly safe if (1) you were an expert horseman; (2) you could, while galloping hell-bent, hand-pour powder into the barrel, disgorge from your mouth a bullet into that barrel and strike the butt smartly to "place" the bullet; (3) tip the gun horizontally, take accurate sight and fire. And do all this in that critical split moment before the ball shifted forward. If you fluffed—a split or "ringed" barrel bloomed right in front of your face!

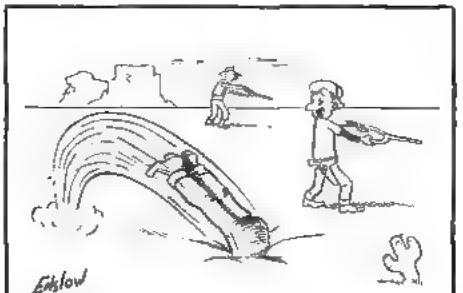
THIS was the gun that brought Indian furs to the historical rendezvous at Green River, Pierre's Hole, Pops Agie and elsewhere. Here, beaver was swapped for the "trader," ball, powder, $4-a-pint whiskey. Here some remarkable shooting was seen in "drive the tack," "snuff the candle" and dangerous dueling. Almost every trade gun has seen some hair raising adventure. Of all small arms, this is the true "rugged individualist."

The Northwest Gun is identified by the side screw plate of cast brass, depicting a sea serpent or dragon. The design invariably is full-stocked, with flat brass butt plate, a light iron trigger guard with a large bow. The barrel is octagon, about .58 caliber or around 24 gauge; smooth-bore to take either shot missile or a 30 gauge patched ball. Ribbed brass is used for ramrod guides. The guns are light in weight; lengths running from forty-six to sixty-four inches. The barrel is butt-stocked. Look for the mark of a sitting fox die-stamped on the lock.

Despite early years, wide distribution of the Northwest Gun occurred because every wide-flung trading post of the big fur companies stocked it. Some remote Indians acquired them from roving, free-lance traders. Thousands more were "payments" on treaty agreements by the U. S. Government with Indians. Famous early-Indian paintings by Bodmer, Catlin and others you see in today's museums depict this gun.

So wide-used was this firearm that many tribes established "official" gun repairmen responsible for the tribal arsenal. This explains the large caches of gun parts and bullets recovered by the Nebraska State Historical Society from old village sites, and now in the Lincoln museum.

It should be remembered that the first trade guns were sometimes known as the fusil, fusee or fuke. Some big American traders recorded them as the London fusil. Gunmakers of England tabbed them the Carolina musket. The U. S. Government carried them on fur-trading post inventories as the Northwest Gun.



"I think Steve's found something."

As a caution, sometimes the big and often crudely-made smooth-bore fowlers have been offered as "genuine Indian trade guns"—likewise, cheap Belgium shotguns. Except possibly for some "fusils" turned out in Liege, Belgium, factories, this is not true. The Indians preferred the comparatively less expensive fusil. With its simple mechanism, it afforded the lightest ball effective on their game, the ability to take a makeshift, "emergency" projectile or a shot-load -and all with no need for caps and primers. For them, all these were desirable to any advantages of army carbines and other more "refined" models available to them. In fact, as late as 1880, the Canadian Indians hunted caribou with the "trader" by choice.

THE important Northwest Gun collection in the new Fur Trade Museum at Chadron followed long research by Curator Hanson, sponsored by the Museum Association of the American Frontier. The Nebraska spot was known by every important fur dealer, mountain man, voyageur, explorer, frontiersman and Indian chief of the fur trade days.

Militarily, the area figured in the careers of Generals George Custer, Phil Sheridan, George Crook, and Douglas MacArthur's dad; also Crazy Horse, Red Cloud, Spotted Tail, Dull Knife and others. In other words, not only are the guns here, but also their storied and exciting background as well.

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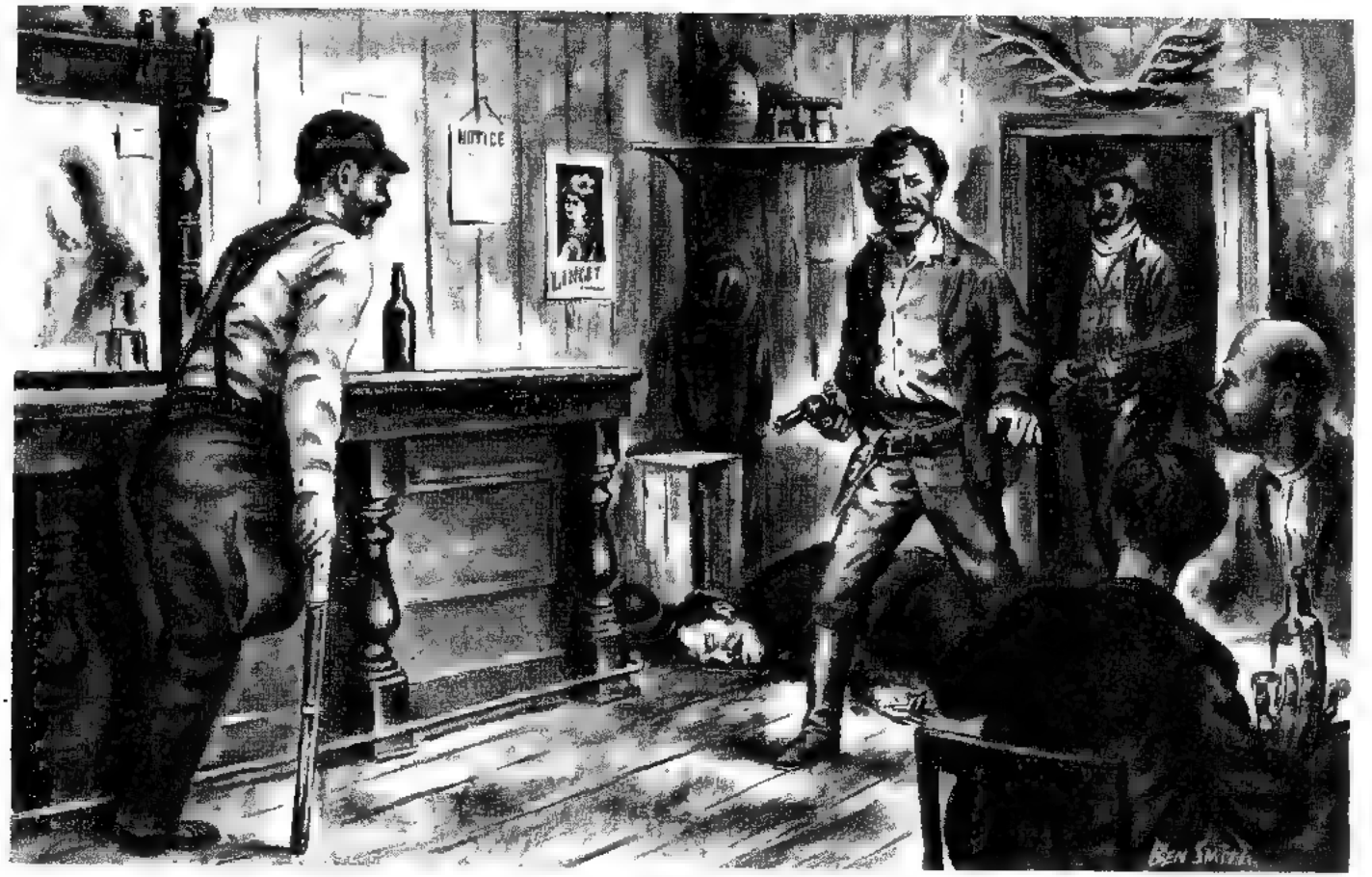

The Shooting of Pike Landusky

By WADE HAMILTON

Jake wanted peace and good will for the miners' Yuletide party – but an uninvited guest brought his own brand of fireworks.

IT was Christmas time, 1896. Miners and cowpunchers were celebrating in Jew Jake's saloon. Outside, the thermometer registered below zero, but inside Jake's place it was plenty warm—almost everybody was drunk, or soon would be.

Jake leaned on his rifle and watched the rough, happy crowd—they were full of oysters and booze. Jew Jake, himself a rough character, had met an even tougher character a few years before—the marshal in Great Falls. When the two tied up, Jake's right leg was shot off. Now he used a Winchester both as a crutch, and to maintain peace and order in his saloon here in the Little Rocky gold camp of Landusky, Montana.

A wave of worry kept rippling through his feelings of benevolence. He kept thinking about Pike Landusky and Harvey Logan. Jake had the theory that men should not kill each other during this holy season. He wanted the Christmas to pass without bloodshed, and he knew if Landusky and Logan met, violence would be unavoidable.

Pike Landusky, the man who had given the town its name, had been commissioned as a special deputy. His job was to take Harvey Logan—who'd soon take the alias, Kid Curry—into Fort Benton, the county seat, for trial on a charge many claimed was trumped-up. There was bad blood between the Logan boys and Landusky, a terrible-tempered man who bossed the town he had started.

Landusky was in the saloon. Jake turned to look at him, and noticed that the deputy's big buffalo-hide coat was unbuttoned, so he could easily reach his gun. "Well," Jake mused, "as long as Logan doesn't show, we'll keep on havin' good will here."

The saloon keeper had polled his customers months before, asking what they wanted for Christmas dinner. The results astounded him. They wanted oysters, of all things! Jew Jake, never one to be taken aback, accordingly ordered four barrels of oysters from Boston. They had been shipped to Malta; down on the Great Northern Railroad's new main line; and had been freighted across country to the Little Rocky Mountains, jouncing and bouncing in a freight wagon. But the long trip didn't seem to have impaired their fine flavor.

LANDUSKY was standing at the bar, his elbows on the counter. He steadily watched the dirty back-bar mirror, and in it he saw the husky Logan enter the saloon. He did not turn.

Jake was tensed for trouble, but he hadn't expected it to erupt so violently.

Logan walked up to Landusky and cursed him in a low tone of voice.

Illustrated by Ben Smith

Landusky raised his head and turned, temper grooving his harsh face. Harvey Logan hit him a terrific blow in the mouth. The blow knocked Landusky on his back. It was unexpected . . . he probably thought Logan would talk to him, then square off, and they'd both go for their guns. He was a good hand with a short-gun; so was Harvey Logan.

Jew Jake hurriedly hobbled around the end of the bar, his eyes stern.

"Take it easy, Harvey," he warned.

Logan did not take his eyes off Landusky. "This is our business, Jake," he growled from the corner of his mouth. "I'll thank you and the rest to keep out of it." Then he spoke to Landusky. "Why don't you arrest me?"

Landusky slowly started for his feet, carefully placing his hands on the floor so it wouldn't look as if he were going for his gun.

"Watch yourself, Logan," he warned. "Remember, I wear a star."

He came close to Logan. They began to wrestle, but Landusky's long coat hampered his movements. Logan had his pistol out now, and he clubbed Landusky over the head.

Landusky went down again, and rolled over on his side, coat open. His nose was bleeding. He reached down. Some who saw the fight claimed he reached for his pistol, still in holster; others claimed he was merely reaching

(Continued on page 40)

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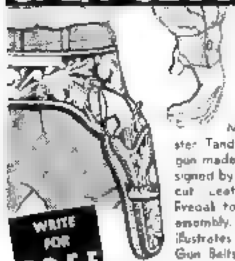

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We Outwitted Pancho Villa

(Continued from page 29)

As I recall, it was along in the morning when we first heard gunfire. It seemed to be coming from the canyon across the river from the mouth of Alimita Creek. Before long, the firing mounted in volume, and we realized that a major encounter was underway. Quickly, we hitched our horses and dashed madly back to our house in Presidio.

Along in the afternoon, the first stragglers from the Mexican Federal Army appeared along the road in front of our house. Their members steadily increased until it appeared that they had been completely routed.

My husband went into town to try to learn what had happened, and it was while he was gone that Colonel Villa Lopez and his aide sought refuge.

The colonel told us that he had been sent out with his command to meet Villa, who was approaching Ojinaga in force. Villa had cunningly concealed his men along the rim of the canyon, and Lopez' forces had ridden into the trap. The resulting slaughter led to the rout of his forces, and when they sought to retreat toward the garrison at Ojinaga, they found that Villa had flanked them in that direction. They were forced to cross the river into the United States or face annihilation.

FLUSHED with victory, Villa immediately moved up to the slopes of Santa Cruz. During the night, he mounted his cannon, and poured a murderous fire into Ojinaga in the valley below. From the roof of our house, we watched the spectacle, while our guests understandably remained under cover.

With the coming of daylight, the cannonading was joined by the crackle of rifle and machine gun fire. Colonel Lopez grew more apprehensive as the day wore on and it seemed that Villa would surely take Ojinaga.

"My friends," he told us, "it is well known that my countrymen have a tendency for joining the winning side. Even now, the Vulture of the Sierra Madres may know that I am in your house. While I do not wish to alarm you, we must allow for the possibility that under the cover of darkness, he may seek to destroy me. Should such an attempt be made, you are to say that we have entered your house forcibly and have held you hostage against your will."

"Would it not be better then to turn yourself over to the American commander?" my husband asked.

"No, Señor. I must return to Mexico to again fight Villa if a way can found. I prefer to take my chances rather than submit to internment."

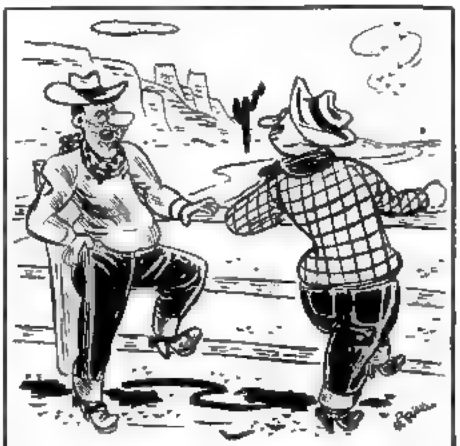
"Very well," my husband responded, "we will see what can be done."

For ten days and nights, our guests remained with us. We had no calls from the Villa forces, and though the American sentry across the road seemed to watch us closely, they never troubled us. We feared that the unusually large orders of supplies we bought might excite suspicion, but we had no cause for alarm at any time. Eventually, General Micarda gave up the city to Villa. He led his 5,000 regular troops across the river, and surrendered his forces to the United States Cavalry.

The stream of civilian refugees, together with the problem of disposing of the surrendered Mexican forces, gave the United States Cavalry quite a job, and we seized the opportunity to help our guests escape. Mr. Willington hired a hack and, under cover of darkness, smuggled them out to Casa Piedra where we had a trusted friend. Eventually, they reached Marfa. Colonel Lopez later wrote me from Mexico City expressing his profound thanks for our assistance.

I shall always remember their departure. Colonel Lopez presented me with his fine Toledo sword, and presented my husband his gun belt and pistol, as well as the rifle he had carried all during the campaign. I have them still the treasured mementos of a troubled time.

ABOUT six weeks after Villa had taken Ojinaga, Abran Gonzales invited us to visit their camp. We were conducted to the camp, and again presented to Pancho Villa. Again, he allowed me to take pictures, and seemed intrigued that I could speak his language. Though nothing was ever said about our harboring the colonel, I found his inscrutable black eyes upon us often, and I had the uneasy feeling that he desisted from questioning us only because of our friend Abran Gonzales. I was profoundly relieved when we were again on the American side of the river.



"ALL day long them buzzards have been circlin' over the road to town . . . you don't reckon my mother-in-law's comin' to visit us?"

Soon afterward, word got around that Villa was dissatisfied with his treatment when he sought to obtain supplies on the American side, and that it was likely that he would raid Presidio. We deemed it wise to leave the country. Leaving everything behind, we moved to Rockport, Texas, and safety. We returned only after Villa had run his course and had been assassinated.

Today, in the sleepy little town of Presidio, little remains of the conflict that swirled about us. Often, when I look across the river to the forbidding heights of Santa Cruz where Villa had his camp, I shiver to think of what might have happened had he chosen to seek retaliation for our hiding his enemy.

I shall always believe he knew.

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The Shooting of Pike Landusky

(Continued from page 37)

for his handkerchief to wipe off the blood.

The roar of a bullet beat against the log walls of Jake's Saloon, as Harvey Logan shot him through the heart. Landusky went limp in the sawdust. Then Logan's short-gun was passing over the crowd, smoke curling upward from its deadly barrel.

"Anybody want to take this up?" Logan challenged.

Pike had many friends in the saloon, but none was foolhardy enough to walk in front of that pistol. The answer was silence. Logan's brother now stood in the doorway, rifle in his hands.

Logan looked to Jake. "Everybody seems satisfied," Jake said slowly.

Harvey Logan backed toward the door, gun out. The hushed celebrants listened to snow-muffled hoofs leaving the mining town.

LOGAN rode away from Landusky out on the Outlaw Trail. In a matter of time, his real name was forgotten—he became the notorious Kid Curry who, with Butch Cassidy, led the infamous gang called The Wild Bunch.

Old-timers often ponder what Logan's fate would have been if Landusky had completed the reach for his gun—or his handkerchief. But the only man who knew the answer went to his grave in Landusky, Montana, on Christmas, 1896.

This man is partly in and partly out of the "gopher hole" dug by miners to get out of Camp Bird Mine in 1936.

Avalanche!

(Continued from page 17)

house, run through the building and fastened to an anchor-plate on the other side, to prevent the building being pushed in the creek, should another such slide occur. To this day, the cable may still be seen, still anchored to the rock and running through the bunk house.

A couple of other stories we happen to have some acquaintance with are too interesting to leave out of this account. One of them is the story of Jack Bell, who was buried in the "Riverside Slide" up along the old toll road—now a modern surfaced highway, called "The Million Dollar Highway."

It was on a day in the winter of 1901. Several men were making their way along the road, traveling apart as experienced mountain men do when traveling in avalanche country. As they passed along under the "Riverside," it chose just that moment to run. All were safe but Jack Bell. He was caught by the slide. Quickly, an attempt at rescue was made. The men dug and probed but there, too, the task was a hopeless one. Finally the search was abandoned.

Jack wasn't dead, however. When the slide came, he was just at a point along the road where a small tunnel into the cliff discharges a stream of water. At that time—since only teams and rigs traveled the road—the water was simply trenched across the road to run into the gorge. He was knocked down—face to the ground and head toward the tunnel—into the stream of water. For some reason, his face was not forced into the water, so that he had just a little space in which to breathe, and the stream running down to him carried a little air.

After a time, water backed up in the ditch sufficiently to cause the snow around Jack to "slush." Soon, by wriggling his fingers and flexing his arms, he was able to slowly stretch his arms out beyond his head. He clawed snow into the water, allowing it to melt around him until he was finally able to wriggle his entire body. No grave could be darker than it was where Jack was buried alive. Since he was still conscious, he could tell by the direction of the flow of the water where he was heading and he remembered the spot where he had been just before the slide came.

Inch by inch he clawed snow. All his fingers were frozen; the clawing broke off portions of them, but he continued on and on for several hours. At last, he gained the mouth of the tunnel which he knew to be the source of the little stream. From there he "gophered" out on top and made his way—wet and half frozen—two miles down to the toll house at Bear Creek Falls. He had been buried in the early afternoon, now it was midnight.

The man who occupied the toll house knew—as did everyone in Ouray that Jack Bell had been "killed" in the Riverside slide. He ran out the back door and all the three miles into Ouray, screaming that the dead man had just walked in on him.

Will Andrews, who still lives here (and to whom I am indebted for this story), was driving a rig for Arps Brothers' Hardware. He had just come in from a late trip, and had not yet unhitched his team. Mr. Andrews drove the three miles to Bear Creek Falls to bring Bell into Ouray where he received medical care and a warm bed.

ANOTHER man, not so lucky as Jack Bell, was Swen Nilson. On December 23, 1883, Swen, the mail carrier, set out on his route from Silverton to Ophir. At that time, the railroads had not been built to all camps in the San Juan Mountains, and in many cases mail was carried in back-packs by men on snowshoes.

Storms had been heavy and were still raging. Friends tried to dissuade Nilson from going until conditions were more favorable. This time, though, he had Christmas mail and he felt it would be a great shame if those people

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in Ophir didn't get it on time. He was determined to make the attempt. But he never reached Ophir.

As soon as it was learned in Ophir that Nilson had gone out on the trail with their Christmas mail, search parties were organized. No trace could be found of their lost mail carrier. During the spring and summer the search was continued. Another winter came and went, without a clue as to the whereabouts of the lost man. In August, 1885, two years later, another searching party at last found the body of Nilson, the mail-sack still strapped to his back. It had taken two years for the glacier to move down and open up to relinquish the body of the man it had held for so long.

ALL the stories we've told are true. They are Old West and they are the present West. As you can see, not all the violence of the West can be seen through blue gunsmoke.

To describe the violence, the unbelieveable force, the terrific speed, the thunderous noise, the blood-chilling terror brought to anyone in close proximity to an avalanche, is impossible—with words, or even with pictures. Only oldtimers who have had experience with those things know what they can be like.

All these stories of avalanches centered in a very small part of the great San Juan Mountains—six miles out of Ouray. The most fantastic-seeming part of the stories is that men continue to mine in this area.

Yet, the lure of gold is so strong in a mining man that not even the threat of death can dissuade him from searching for and digging out the yellow metal.

Cherokee Bill Shot Me!

(Continued from page 23)

captured him and brought him to Nowatta. Bud told me about the capture, said he was going to stop there overnight, then take Bill on in next day. I grabbed his arm and said, "Bud, you give me three days and I'll take him in myself."

"You're shot, feller," he said. "You can't ride."

"You just wait three days, Bud . . . I'm begging you," I said, and I got his promise.

Three days later, I sat my saddle and horse and they led Cherokee Bill up. He was tied good; then tied to the saddle, so I could just reach down with my knife and cut him loose.

The boys were all pretty shocked by now, and puzzled, too. I knew they wanted an explanation, so I looked at Old Bill and I just shouted, "Now dang you . . . fifteen days ago, you shot me in the back and now I'm gonna take you in. I'm gonna be hoping every step of the way that you try to run for it. And, man, I want you to; then I can fill your back side with lead like you did me—only none of it is gonna come out front."

Well, I took him in, and he was the best behaved prisoner I ever saw. But I don't mind admitting to this day that I was a disappointed man when I delivered him to the authorities without him trying even once to make a break for it.

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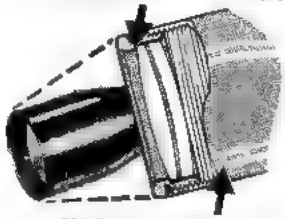

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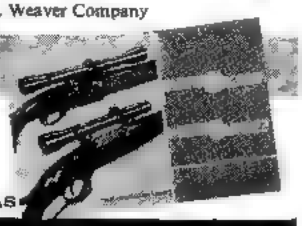

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The Devil's Highway

(Continued from page 8)

his six-shooter. "If I don't come back, carry on."

Hubbard lunged off into the moonlit night, walking crookedly. He had helped himself to another cup of whiskey and this he thought would sustain him.

Sighting ahead a bulky shape, he went to see what it was. It was one of his own horses, too weak to take another step. He gently patted it and went on.

He came upon two more animals, both down and apparently dying from thirst.

He found more, some down, others standing listlessly. Some appeared to be dead.

"Piny! Piny!" His voice was but a feeble croak in the night.

There was no answer. Ahead he heard the mournful bellow of an ox. There had been two ox teams with the last batch of wagons.

Taking out his revolver, a cap-and-ball, he fired one of its chambers into the night. He thought he heard an answering shot, but he guessed it was only an echo.

He did not want to go back to the wagons without water. If there was water up ahead as the guide claimed, he meant to find it.

Walking on he saw no more animals, nothing but a dry, vast landscape that suddenly was devoid of moonlight.

He knew he had to lie down and rest a while or he wouldn't make it . . .

WHEN he opened his eyes again day was breaking and he was wringing wet. It was raining. It wasn't just an ordinary drizzle but a real desert downpour.

Water at last! Sent from the heavens. Water was running past him in little rivulets, forming pools, and off in the distance he could hear the roar of a flushed wash.

When it rains in southwestern Arizona, which was where the caravan was at the time, it comes down in buckets. Every dry stream bed had become a swollen river.

Hubbard drank his fill of sweet, muddy water and immediately his stomach rejected it. He waited a while and drank more.

Presently he was feeling better and started walking back toward the wagons.

He came upon several animals that had not survived the night, but by now most of them were on their feet, some standing knee deep in water, others browsing. There were enough still alive to carry them on to Yuma.

When he arrived at the camp he found the emigrants filling buckets, barrels, anything that would hold water. For others the gift from the skies had come too late. Twelve, including two of the children, had died. Among the dead were Hostetter, Asa Savage, Doris Ruark, Mrs. Zahner and Mrs. Whiteside. The names of the other victims were never revealed.

"And where are the guides?" Hubbard asked. "Where is Piny?"

No one had seen anything of them.

Calling for volunteers, Hubbard sent half a dozen men to round up the stock.

When all the animals had been brought in, it was found that three wagons were without pulling power. They would have to be left behind.

After three hours the men who had ridden into the desert returned. They had found no tracks, due to the heavy rain. Had the guides and Piny become lost, Hubbard reasoned, they would still be alive because the downpour had come in time.

More riders were sent out to find the El Camino del Diablo, while at the wagons bedding was spread out to dry and tents were pitched. Hubbard planned an overnight rest for the party before pushing on.

Another woman died from the aftereffects of thirst, bringing the total casualties up to thirteen.

With the whole camp in mourning it was a sad place, Price later wrote in the *Alta Californian*.

The El Camino del Diablo, well marked by wagon ruts and discarded household goods, was found some fifteen miles to the east.

The caravan went on the next morning, following a mass funeral during which Cal Hubbard read a passage from the Bible.

Back on the Devil's Highway the party saw more crosses and the remains of animals that had perished. Nowhere was a buzzard to be seen. It was too dry for them.

"Dadblameit, Fud! You've ruint our fishing trip—slappin' him on the back like that! He was totin' the bait in his mouth!"

Hubbard believed the guides had discovered their error too late to save the wagon train and had ridden off to save their own necks. But he couldn't understand why Piny had cast his lot with them

Toward nightfall they came upon the remains of a campfire, further proof that Piny and the guides had deserted the train. They also found the canteens the guides had collected before leaving the train. One canteen discovered hanging on a greasewood branch was identified by Hubbard as having belonged to Piny. It was half filled with water.

Hubbard poured some of its contents into his hand and sniffed at it. "It smells brackish, like the water we took on in Sonoita," he said, frowning. "That proves that Piny was getting water from some source, even on the last day when we were all suffering." As he thought the matter over, Hubbard's anger mounted. "If the kid was holding out on us," he said, "I'll kill him, so help me! I hate to think he did such a thing, but the evidence is strong against him."

LATE in the afternoon Price sighted a saddled horse across the desert and went out to bring it in. He found one of the guides, Charlie Free, huddled

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beneath a bush nursing a bullet wound. He said he had quarreled with Jake Fleagle, and Fleagle had shot him and left him for dead.

Brought to the wagons and realizing that he was near death, Free told a story that astounded everyone. He said Fleagle had planned to scuttle the caravan and let the travelers die of thirst, after which he and his pals would return and ransack the wagons and bodies for cash and other valuables. That was why they had taken the canteens and urged Hubbard to free the stock, so it would wander away and leave them helpless. Fleagle figured that there was $20,000 among the emigrants.

But the rain had come just in time to interfere with his plans and Fleagle had decided to ride on out of reach of Hubbard.

Free said Fleagle had needed Piny's help in his plan and the boy had agreed to go along with him for a share of the money. Piny had concealed some canteens of water in Zahner's wagon and while the other travelers went thirsty Piny and the guides had enough water to sustain them.

The trouble between Free and Fleagle had developed when Free accused the latter of mismanaging the whole scheme. They quarreled and Free threatened to go back alone to help save the train. Fleagle fired point blank into Free's chest and Free passed out for a time. Apparently they had believed him dead When he awakened his gun and money were missing.

"Are you telling the truth about Piny?" Hubbard asked skeptically. "I can't believe the boy would lend himself to such an inhuman scheme."

"So help me God I'm telling you the truth," Free said. "He agreed to it from the start."

Hubbard rose and strode to his wagon. "Give this man every care," he said. "I want him to live to face Piny."

Free died that night.

The next day Hubbard literally drove the caravan with a whip in his hand. His anger was seething. Price later said, "He was boiling over and for a righteous cause."

At the mouth of the Gila, Hubbard's wagons camped for a day and a night before tackling the crossing of the Colorado. At the crossing were other wagons that had come down the Gila and every caravan reported Indian attacks. Some had lost heavily. One wagon train had been completely wiped out.

The crossing of the river required a full day and another night was spent on the west bank.

Next came the ordeal of the sand dunes and the wagons got through finally with a maximum of effort. In the Califonia desert Hubbard elected to take the route to San Diego.

Hubbard's primary objective was Sutter's Fort, but many of the travelers planned to stop at San Jose, which was reached on December 7, 1849. Here was a great fertile valley awaiting settlers.

Though the journey from San Jose to Sutter's Fort could have been made in two or three weeks, the caravan of seven wagons, all that remained after the others had dropped out at San Jose, tarried three months along the way to trap the banks of the Sacramento and to explore the valleys.

ON March 17, 1850, Hubbard looked for the first time upon Sutter's Fort, which was but a short piece from the thriving city of Sacramento. (The old

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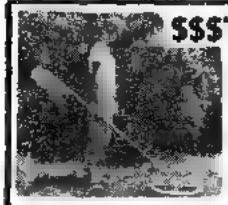

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fort is now within the expanded city.)

Sacramento was booming with a gold rush that was bringing in thousands of fortune seekers every week. Camps dotted the river for miles and swarms of men were moving into the hills of Placerville where new strikes were reported daily.

Hubbard found a nursing home for his three-year-old daughter, Rose Marie, who had survived the trip splendidly. Then he and Price and one or two others of the party moved into Placerville, where they took up claims on Hangtown Creek. But these holdings produced little gold.

"Hell," Hubbard said, "I guess I was never meant to be a rich man. What this town needs is a good lodging house and I'm going to build one."

While Hubbard was busy building his lodging house of two stories, partly from his own savings and partly from what Price could loan him, Price was dabbling in real estate. He obtained options on many of the vacant lots in town and sold them for a neat profit.

Hubbard had his lodging house ready for occupancy by the late fall of 1850 and the day he formally opened it every room was filled. He regretted he had not made it larger to accommodate those he turned away. Among his guests were Dr. Robert Semple, editor of the *Californian;*

"Quit yer fretin', Lucas. The Cheyenne won't attack at night."

James Marshall, who had discovered gold at Coloma and started the stampede; and Colonel E. C. Kemble. Later Mark Twain and Bret Harte took rooms there.

Hubbard had established an account for Piny Shoot in the Bank of Memphis and he wondered if the bank had heard from Piny. He wrote the president.

It was the end of February, 1852, when the reply came. In November of 1850, the banker wrote, Dennis Curry, a lawyer of 44 Market Street, San Francisco, had sent the bank an affidavit signed by Piny certifying that the money on deposit under his name had no other claimant and he desired to have it transferred to him through Attorney Curry. Piny stated in the affidavit that to the best of his knowledge, his lawful guardian, Cal Hubbard was dead.

"So I am, am I?" Hubbard said to Price as he read the letter. "Well, I'll show that ungrateful scallawag whether I'm dead or not. Price, you look after my rooming house, will you? I'm going to San Francisco on the next boat down the river."

Hubbard found Curry in his office, where he was discussing the affairs of the Vigilantes with some leaders of that body. Curry himself was an active participant in the activities of the organization.

Curry readily admitted helping Piny Shoot obtain the funds from the Memphis bank. He said Piny had come to him in July of 1850 and that after coming in for the money when it arrived, he had not been seen again. "I have no idea where he is now," the lawyer said. "He was talking about going to Placerville but whether he went or not I cannot say."

A year and a half had passed since Piny had collected the money and there was no telling where he might be now. Hubbard had a pretty fair idea of who was in Placerville, for he saw the men who tramped the streets day after day and he had seen no one who looked like Piny, whom he would have recognized on sight.

Hubbard returned to Placerville only to find Price in a sweat. "Good Lord!" Price exclaimed. "I thought you would never come back. There was no need to go to San Francisco. Piny is right here in Placerville. I saw him as late as yesterday in company with a couple of shady-looking characters."

Hubbard's thick-jowled face looked thunderstruck. "The devil you did! Seems like the good Lord is good to me. Where did you see him last?"

"In the Gold Nugget," Price replied.

Hubbard went to his hotel and armed himself, after which he began dropping into saloons and rooming houses, but he found no trace of Piny.

For a week he continued his vigil night and day, "sleeping by spurts," according to the *Alta Californian.* At almost any time of the day or night he could be seen prowling the streets, visiting gambling places and drinking spots. He would stand for an hour at a time on street corners watching the faces go by.

Hubbard was not quite thirty-four but looked all of forty-five; the El Camino del Diablo ordeal having taken much out of them. His Vandyke beard was streaked with gray and there was gray at the temples. After arriving in California he had trimmed his flowing beard into a Vandyke and the change, according to Price, had altered his appearance so that few who knew him before recognized him.

ONE morning Hubbard met the Overland Stage to pick up a package of linens he had ordered from San Francisco. Enroute to the stage depot he met Philip D. Armour, a butcher who later was to attain fame and riches as a meat packer. Armour continued walking with Hubbard as they approached the depot, where the stage was already discharging passengers.

Suddenly Hubbard cut short something he was saying to Armour and froze in his tracks.

The butcher glanced toward the stage. "You looking for someone, Cal?"

"No, but I just saw someone I want to see very badly get off. Will you excuse me please."

Hubbard was unarmed at the time. He watched Piny Shoot walk toward one of the saloons and after the youth was some distance ahead he trailed him into the saloon.

Hurrying to his rooming house, Hubbard strapped on his pistol, hiding it under his coat.

Just as he approached the saloon Piny stepped out onto the board walk.

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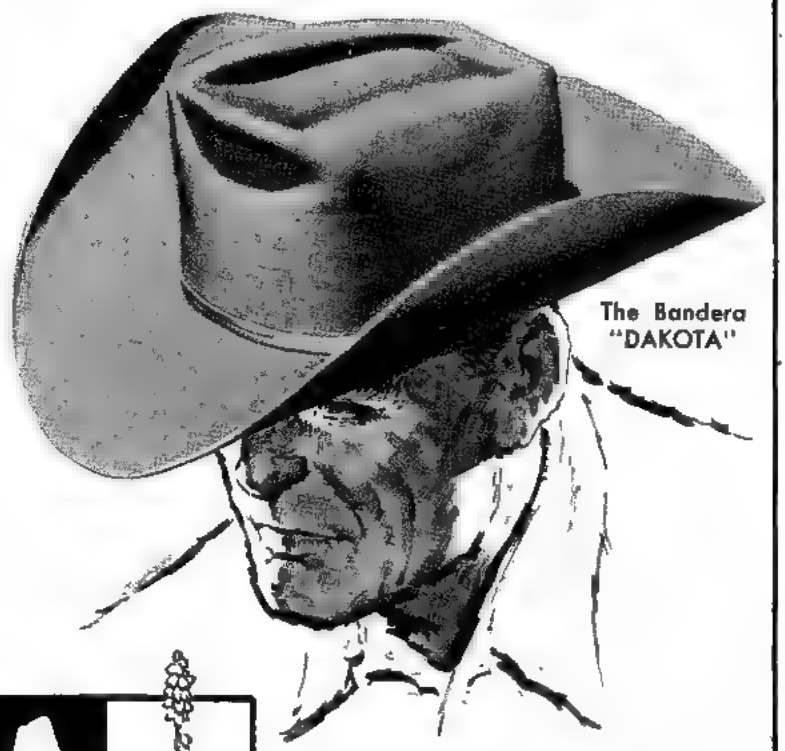

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As they came face to face, Hubbard blocked Piny's way.

Piny looked up but apparently did not recognize Hubbard at first. Then he stepped back quickly as the face before him came into focus.

Piny went for the gun under his coat.

Hubbard fired from the hip.

The impact of the slug knocked the gun from the youth's hand and he reached for the door to support himself.

Slowly he sank to the walk and turned over on his back.

Several persons had witnessed the meeting and they quickly gathered around the fallen man. Hubbard reholstered his gun and knelt at the boy's side. He saw that Piny's eyes were still open.

"Can you hear me, Piny?"

Piny nodded his head slowly.

"This is the kind of thing we do to traitors," Hubbard said. "What have you to say for yourself?"

Piny said nothing. He turned his face toward the wall and died with one last gasp of breath.

Hubbard was taken before the alcalde, or justice of the peace. Appearing at the same time were two men who told the alcalde they had been held up by Piny Shoot in their diggings and robbed of a quantity of gold.

Others on hand swore that the dead man had drawn his gun first.

"Justifiable homicide," the alcalde ruled and Hubbard was cleared.

HUBBARD later sold his rooming house and went into the merchandising business in Sacramento. In 1854 he helped back Theodore D. Judah, an ambitious engineer who constructed the Central Pacific Railroad which later became the Southern Pacific. Although the original road was controlled by Charles Crocker, C. P. Huntington and Leland Stanford, all big names in California's history, Hubbard managed to retain a healthy interest which he later sold for a sizeable sum.

Francisco Morales, one of the treacherous guides, was never heard from again, but Fleagle turned up as a guide for the Union forces that were sent to Arizona, and in 1862 he was killed at Apache Pass by an Apache.

When Hubbard heard of it, he went out to celebrate and got stinko. He said it was the happiest night of his life.

Editor's Note: In 1866, at the age of eighteen, Cal's daughter, Rose Marie, became the bride of E. A. Bennett, who was to become a noted San Francisco financier. Cal Hubbard died in 1874 at the age of fifty-nine.

Little Lost Ghost Town

(Continued from page 19)

"It wasn't for me. In the excitement I had run back and forth on top of that brand new bar Matchett had installed. I was wearing new hob-nailed boots, which had just arrived a couple of days before from Sears, Roebuck. What they had done to the bar surface was a caution. Dad had to pay for an expert finisher to come out from Las Vegas. He spent two weeks resurfacing and refinishing the bar top.

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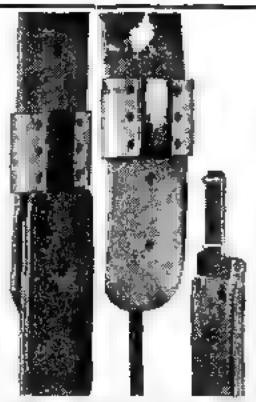

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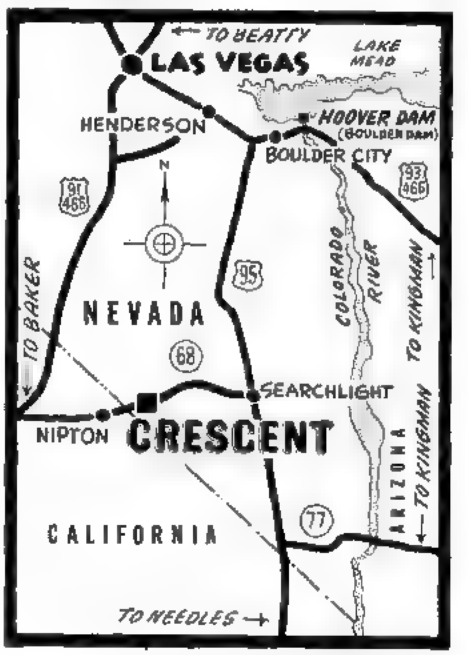
in the saloon at all—the second, for spoiling the bar surface."

McClure recalls that there were six saloons in town—all of them with a coterie of feminine "help," and that there was one house off by itself where "only women lived and we were warned to stay away from it."

There was one hotel—"it was boarded to the roof, covered by a canvas fly and had canvas partitions separating the twenty-five beds."

Mr. and Mrs. John Hallam ran the town's restaurant and bakery. There was no church, but services were held in the schoolhouse—a wooden one-room building with an iron roof, a stove in the middle, a bucket of water holding a tin dipper in the corner. A Mrs. White taught the nine students who attended classes.



Map by Lowell Butler

Ore from the mines, the Nipton, Legal Tender, Lucky Dutchman and Red Star, was hauled by team and wagon to Nipton and shipped by rail to Los Angeles.

One of young McClure's "jobs" was to deliver telegrams which came by mail stage from Nipton. "Mostly they were to mine operators or superintendents and they always were down in the mines. I rode down the bucket and hunted through the tunnels of every mine in Nipton to deliver these messages," he recalled. "Russell would give me a box of .22's for delivering them.

"Hunting the plentiful jack rabbits was my favorite sport. I guess I must have killed hundreds of them. They weren't good to eat, so we chopped them up and fed them to the chickens."

One day, considerable wonder was occasioned when the stage failed to arrive on time. When it did come in, McClure recalls, the driver explained that he had been held up by a migrating horde of thousands of desert tortoises. Nothing would stop them until the driver and the passengers got out and rolled a few hundred on their backs to hold the wave long enough to get the stage through.

Occasionally when Jim Jost, the town's "hauler," was away bringing a load from Nipton or Ivanpah, young McClure made extra money hauling water by burro-back to the saloons, stores and offices. Jost ordinarily supplied the water and was a favorite with boys of the town. When the McClures left after nearly a year there, Jost moved into their home where he lived until it burned in 1912.

I visited the seventy-nine-year-old teamster recently in his neat little brightly painted spick-and-span Searchlight home where he has lived by himself for the last twenty-six years.

He was reading the Sunday papers. Today this veteran of Nevada mining camps is bright-eyed, sharp and interested in life. Age hasn't dimmed his memory a whit.

"I'd come to Las Vegas after freighting some material to Rhyolite," Jim recalled. "Las Vegas was just getting started and I found plenty of work for my team, 'Dick' and 'Judge.' It's nothing to mention with pride but it might be a historical bit about that town to know that I hauled the first building ever put in Block 16 (Las Vegas' famed redlight district) from the station to its site of business."

He went to Crescent when word reached Las Vegas that a strike had been made in the Lucky Dutchman.

"I made out all right," he grinned. "Maybe I made more than some of the promoters—actually they never did get a whole lot of gold out of the Crescent mines. The ore was mostly lead. I hauled water to the business houses and to prospectors for their washers for fifty cents a barrel. I did okay and averaged about ten dollars a day—which was good money in those times."

Jim recalls that when he arrived in Crescent, "Winnie Short was postmistress. She was the wife of a saloon keeper. He shot himself and she left town and then Harry Russell became postmaster."

The largest mill was built by Philadelphia Mining Company of Searchlight—which incidentally then was the largest community in this part of the state with its several thousand inhabitants.

Childstrom and Thomas opened a competitive grocery store, Jim recalls, and got a piece of the "Mexican" silver mine by grubstaking its finders, two men named Huntington and Miller.

One day Jim said he brought a load of groceries to the Childstrom-Thomas store and didn't see the latter around. "Where's Thomas?" he asked Childstrom.

"Childstrom replied, 'He left here four days ago to go to Searchlight and didn't arrive there according to those who came out on the stage. I'm worried about him but can't leave the store,'" Jost related. "I told him I'd get a few of the boys and go out and look for him. At the summit the others got off and spread out to search and Frank Miller and I drove on down to within about half a mile of where Rex Bell's ranch house now is located. We left the team, and walked north and found tracks. We got so far away from the team and night was coming on that we went back to pick up the others before dark. We planned to come back the next day—but we never did find Thomas.

"There was no reason for him to disappear. I always have felt that he was murdered. Charlie White told me about a couple of strangers, on their way to Arizona, who made a suspicious remark in one of the saloons. I think they killed and robbed him."

Crescent was a busy spot in those days—everybody worked a seven day week.

Casting his memory back through time, the veteran teamster recalled another murder mystery in which a prospector was the victim.

"His burro came wandering back to town," Jost remembered, "and we thought he might have been hurt. I took a couple of the kids in the buckboard to help hunt him. When we saw buzzards circling and investigated we found he had been killed. We never did find out who caused the death."

Jim Jost never married, but his little home of more than a quarter of a century is nothing like the "bachelor's nest" most housewives visualize. It's neat, clean and orderly.

"I never found anybody who would have me," Jim grins. "Once I wrote my name and address in a boxcar at Ivanpah. Do you know, I got letters from women all over the country—but none of them interested me enough to want to marry them."

When Crescent played out, he went to Pioneer and to other mining spots, eventually returning to Searchlight where he has remained since.

Foster McClure stands by fireplace of the W. O. Matchett home—Cresent's last landmark.

CRESCENT has stirred a couple of times since.

I found this item in the February 12, 1916, *Las Vegas Age*, "Crescent . . . is rousing from its Rip Van Winkle sleep which has resulted from fine showings in the Big Tiger, Miller, Red Star and other properties."

No other mention is found though until May 2, 1928, when the *Las Vegas Review* said, "Harry Trehearne, of Nipton, says he has obtained a $15,000 bond on the Red Star claims. He plans to work the low-grade ore. A fifty-stamp mill is being planned." This turned out to be just a hopeful wish, as so often happens in western mine country.

Today, Crescent is only a memory, with little there to mark its past glory. Hundreds drive right through it every month—mostly fishermen driving along the old Searchlight-Nipton stage road (now Route 68) heading to or from Lakes Mead and Mohave.

Standing as a lone monument is the smoke-blackened fireplace and chimney of the long-gone town's fanciest home, the boom-day residence of saloon keeper W. O. Matchett.

It just looks as if Crescent's moon has set.

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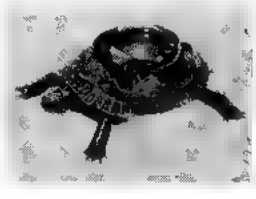

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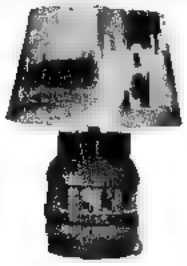

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"... Not A Single Notch!"

(Continued from page 13)

in the arrest of McQuinn who was considered a dangerous man with a very low boiling point.

"Shucks!" said Neal. "What the devil are you talking about? Why Mr. McQuinn is my friend."

He went unarmed and alone to Cherokee and in his calm manner confronted McQuinn. "Mr. McQuinn," he said, "you've been kind enough to publish some nice things about me in your paper for which I'm deeply grateful. I sure would appreciate it if you'd come with me to San Saba and help straighten out a little difficulty which appears to have arisen between you and an old acquaintance."

McQuinn was still inclined to be a little balky so Neal looked him straight in the eye and said softly but firmly: "I can't think of any reason in the world why you and I should ever permit any trouble to come between us. Can you, sir?"

McQuinn couldn't, and went along quietly to jail.

NEAL served four consecutive terms as sheriff, and the county became characterized by a high degree of order. Feeling that his work was done and that he should now give first thought to his growing family's welfare by seeking greater financial opportunities, he moved his brood to Fort Worth and entered the real estate and oil investment fields. He accumulated a modest fortune in the next ten years but was then assailed by investment failures and domestic troubles which left him broke.

Meanwhile Neal granted his older sons permission to return to their beloved San Saba County. He eventually moved back there also. His friends prevailed upon him to run again for sheriff. He easily defeated some five opponents.

The next year in Georgetown he remarried, the bride being Maid Allen of Bartlett—well-known Central Texas newspaperwoman and publisher of several country weeklies. Three homicides in two days were committed in San Saba County during the sheriff's absence, so he had to cut short his honeymoon and rush home to put down a reviving county war.

Sometimes afterward his non-killing record again nearly went by the boards. A local character named Chick Whisenant was normally a solid citizen but became hell-on-wheels when he went on one of his periodic drunks. One afternoon, a citizen burst into the city marshal's office to announce excitedly that Chick had run amok on the streets and was beating up a minister. The marshal requested Neal's assistance as he knew Whisenant liked the sheriff. The whole business was old hat to all parties concerned and normally Chick was arrested, arraigned, fined and sent home to bed. On this occasion, however, Neal marched him on past the courthouse toward the jail. Chick jerked up sharply.

"Whash going on here, Mr. Neal?" he stammered drunkenly.

"You've gone too far this time, Chick, and I'm locking you up," said Neal with unusual sharpness.

"Like hell you are," blurted the prisoner as he tried to break away. Neal grabbed his arm whereupon the drunk slashed at his eyes with talon-like nails, inflicting ugly facial wounds. Neal jerked out his handcuffs but Chick whipped open an ugly looking skinning knife. Even as it flashed through the air towards Neal's throat, the lawman's Colt barked and a bullet crashed through Chick's wrist, sending the knife flying. Still Chick tried to grab Neal by the throat, but the sheriff belted him with his pistol barrel. The drunk awoke in jail where a doctor attended his wounds.

The next day, Chick made bond and was carried home. He sent word to Neal that he wanted to see him but the sheriff was too busy to comply. While Neal was at home for lunch, another courier called emphatically to repeat Chick's message.

"Please don't consider going to the Whisenant place, dear," begged Mrs. Neal. "Those people are setting a trap to kill you."

"The whole town knows about this business by now," calmly replied her husband. "The whole county will know about it by nightfall. Naturally I must go over there if the sheriff is to retain any authority."

"How does Gene Autrey's stand it, that's what I'd like to know . . . !"

He arrived at the Whisenant home, prepared for any eventuality. But the red carpet was out for him. "You're the finest man I know, Mr. Neal," said Chick. "I just wanted to thank you for not killing me which God knows I deserved. I'm going to do my part in the future by laying off that firewater. Me and my folks have always been proud to vote for you in the past and always will in the future."

This county-wide regard was to result in another eight-year tenure as sheriff for Neal.

The Ku Klux Klan insanity again seized the South and spread into San Saba County. Neal would have no part of the Klan. It reminded him of the bloody San Saba Mob. Mask-wearing and unauthorized assembly being unlawful, he would not permit the Klan to hold any of their cherished parades, broke up their "Konclaves," and ran a Klansman evangelist out of the county. But incredible as it may seem, large numbers of prominent citizens had joined the Klan, and for the first time Neal found himself confronted with numerous personal enemies.

HIS loss of influence began with a minor incident. He had a bench warrant for three cattle thieves operat-

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ing in the Cherokee area. One night a man there telephoned him to say that the three thieves were driving toward San Saba in a stripped down Ford, all wearing white shirts. Neal hid out alone on the highway to intercept the rustlers. A stripped down Ford occupied by three white-apparelled passengers loomed up in the darkness. Neal stepped out and ordered a halt. The vehicle increased its speed. He fired at the tires, but the driver whipped onto a side road and escaped.

Unknown to Neal, the automobile was occupied by a San Saba jeweler named Stillwell, his wife and son. Neal's bullet richocheted and inflicted a slight calf wound on Stillwell. He raced on into San Saba and halted at Neal's home to report that he had been shot by hijackers. Mrs. Neal smelled a mouse and informed the jeweler of her suspicions that he had been shot by the sheriff. She sent Stillwell to a doctor at her husband's expense.

"Did you catch the rustlers?" asked Mrs. Neal when the sheriff got home.

"No, by gosh! And don't you tell anybody either," he replied.

'Oh, I won't tell anybody," dutifully replied his wife. "But I'm sure Mr. Stillwell will."

"Stillwell? What the devil's he got to do with this?" asked the puzzled sheriff.

"Nothing much execept you shot him," replied Mrs. Neal.

At the time Stillwell was amused and not a whit vengeful, but soon the Ku Klux ribbed him into making a big thing out of the rather comical affair and the kindly non-killing sheriff was portrayed as a careless gunslinger of the bloodiest type. Stillwell won an out-of-court settlement for damages and Neal's enemies continued to berate him on into the upcoming election.

He subsequently captured the rustlers single-handedly and his careful investigation earned them long prison sentences. But the damage had been done to his reputation. His detractors now vilified him with all manner of accusations of which "woman-chaser" was featured.

After church one Sunday, Mrs. Neal happened to overhear a group of female gossips bandying this charge back and forth. "Did Edgar ever chase any of you women?" she asked. Her startled audience answered in the negative. "The only reason I asked," blandly continued Mrs. Neal, "was to demand that he show better taste in the future."

But there being no adequate defense known for character assassination, Neal lost the election by eight votes. His supporters demanded that he contest the results as there were charges of widespread irregularities, but he refused.

"I have given the best years of my life to cleaning up this county," he said sadly. "But people here seem to prefer it messed up. I'm stepping out."

MANY of the huge ranches on the West Texas plains were subdividing into farms at this time. Neal and his wife opened a prosperous real estate business featuring sale of these fine farms. But presently the crusading Dan Moody was elected governor of Texas. The spectre of prohibition was upon the land, and the corruption attending attempted enforcement had undermined police authorities and the judiciary. The Governor wanted conditions rectified so he sent for Edgar Neal and put him back on the Ranger force as criminal investigator.

Neal's efforts helped bring about important changes in investigative procedures and the fee system and sent some crooked big-shot lawmen to the state penitentiary. "Never knew a man in his class for ferreting out evidence," said the Governor admiringly.

Neal remained on the Ranger force until the impeached ex-governor James Ferguson unbelievably edged back into the governor's chair through election of his wife and avenged himself upon the Texas Rangers by wrecking the force; thereby returning Neal to the real estate business. He had meanwhile moved his family to Lubbock.

The youthful James Allred unseated the Fergusons as governor. Allred stated that he was instituting a "youth movement" in state government, but when he restored the Ranger force, public demand for re-hiring of the sixty-five year-old Neal was so loud that Allred found it wise to comply.

An extorting political machine was in the saddle in Corpus Christi. A voluble opponent of the clique was allegedly murdered, and his premises burned. Local police appeared to be dragging their feet in the case, so the Governor secretly sent Captain Neal and Ranger Fred Holland down to investigate. A bitter election contest was in the offing. A henchman of the machine recognized the two Rangers on the street and accosted them, thinking they were in town in connection with the election.

"You sons-of-b . . . . . get out of this town or we'll run you out," he snarled.

Holland smashed him clear out into the street and prepared to leap after him. Neal grabbed the Ranger by the collar. "No matter how much your actions seem justified, Fred," he said in his calm and fatherly manner, "remember that a Ranger's duty is to stop fights; not participate in them."

The local press enormously ballooned the incident and screamed: "Remove the Rangers or blood will flow in the streets of Corpus Christi." Alarmed neighbors in Lubbock fearfully showed these scare-lines to Mrs. Neal.

"Pshaw," said that lady. "The calmest man in Corpus Christi is Edgar Thomas Neal. Nobody—but nobody—is going to get any of his blood spilled."

The Governor decided that where there was smoke there was some fire—that the political machine really must have plenty to hide—so he sent down a strong detachment of Rangers and the formerly intimidated public got brave enough to turn out at the polls and upset the machine.

AT sixty-nine, Neal again retired to his real estate business in Lubbock, but it wasn't long before the call went out for his return to the role of lawman. The giant construction firm of Brown and Root was engaged in building a chain of great dams for the Lower Colorado River Authority. Most of the construction foremen were out-of-staters sometimes given to cursing the workers in the interests of maximum effort. Texans are inclined to be long on accepting hard work and hardship, but short on accepting abuse. Shortly there was almost as much fighting as working on the project.

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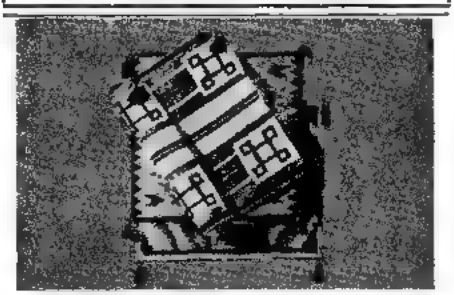

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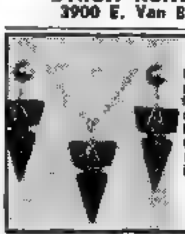

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flicting viewpoints and the work proceeded on schedule. This job lasted nearly five years. Then Neal went to Houston and served thirty months under former Captain of Rangers Frank Hamer as assistant security officer for Republic Oil Company. He returned to Brown and Root as security officer for their big prefabricating plant in Galena Park.

There, after nearly five decades behind a gun and a star, he reached trail's end in the manner gunslingers dream of but few attain—calm death in his own bed with his wife gently holding onto his hand.

And not one notch on his gun!

"Damned messy oil—killin' off mah grass!"

The 13 Graves

(Continued from page 26)

"Señor Tribolette and Presidente Escalante. They received the same as the rest."

Escalante was the last to be heard. When told that he had been implicated by one of the witnesses, he said, "But, señor, I had so little to do with it. I was not there. Mine was only a guilty knowledge, as you must realize."

"But you accepted your cut of the money. You got as much as any of the others. Doesn't that show that you are as guilty as the rest?"

"But no, señor, not at all. I accepted it as a gift to the poor. Anyway, why should you punish men who take money from the rich gringos? They take it back to the United States and our people go poor. Why should they object when our people get some of it back?"

Somehow Mendez had managed to come up with twelve of the guilty ones in custody, a remarkable feat for a man who guessed a lot and was wrong more times than he was right. He frequently hanged the innocent and freed the guilty, according to the biographers of Colonel Emilo Kosterlitzky, who found Kosterlitzky lacking the same virtues.

It was late at night when the questioning was over and the twelve accused men, all found guilty by Mendez, were herded into a barn around which were placed twenty Rurales to keep them there. Meanwhile Mendez, having heard of a hideout used by El Diablo, sent some men to apprehend him.

At daybreak these men returned with El Diablo in custody. They had found him in bed asleep and he had surrendered without a fight.

DURING the night, some of the prisoners had discovered a barrel of wine in the barn, hidden beneath some hay, and proceeded to get drunk. And why not? It was to be their last day on earth and when one is to die he should die happy, they said.

But these men had no idea of what was in store for them. They were to wish later they had never found the wine.

Marched off without their breakfast—some so drunk they staggered—the thirteen men were headed for a brushy hill north of town, the Rurales forming a cordon about them.

Those who gave out along the way were prodded into life with bayonets and were kept moving. If bayonets did not hurry them along, Mendez hustled them even more with his cat-o'-nine-tails which hurt more than the bayonet jabs.

Mendez had ordered his men to round up shovels and picks, and when the party arrived at the scene of execution the men were issued tools and told to dig their own graves. The graves were to be six feet deep and three feet wide, any they were to be dug in time for the mass execution before darkness set in. Any man who did not have his grave six feet deep by nightfall would be covered up alive, with maybe some burning wood thrown in with him.

The digging went on all day, with some working faster than others. The diggers were given water but no food.

It was a warm day and sweat poured off their backs. For those who had over indulged in the wine it was most difficult.

Escalante and Tribolette worked along with the others, all thirteen men striving to get their graves dug to the required depth.

A few paused to roll cigarettes, joke or curse the Rurales. The bravado they displayed was characteristic of the rough, tough men they were, unwilling to yield to man's weaker emotions.

Only Tribolette showed any weakness and that was toward the end of the day when he began to complain of the blisters on his hands. In spite of the goading of the others, who urged him to stand up and face it like a man, he weakened to the point of whimpering. Tears streamed down his fat cheeks.

"Kill me now and have it over with," he pleaded with Mendez, but the stern aide-de-camp was there to enjoy his sadistic tendencies to the utmost. He ordered Tribolette to finish his grave under penalty of being burned alive if he failed.

Finally the last of the graves were dug—Tribolette's being the very last to reach the required depth. There was only an hour of sunlight left and Mendez was anxious to finish his task and be on his way. Afterward he would get drunk and stay drunk for several days, according to the stories told about him later.

Each man was required to stand with his back to his own grave, his heels

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on the edge of the excavation, so that when he fell backward from the impact of the bullets, he would be ready to cover up.

Eight Rurales were lined up and instructed to fire at the heart on command. Each condemned man would receive a full volley.

The first man was asked if he was ready. He nodded his head.

Mendez gave the commands. On the word to fire the volley crashed out and the man toppled backward, but he did not fall into the grave. His body struck its edge and hung there momentarily.

Mendez quickly stepped across the grave and delivered the shot of grace, after which the corpse slipped off and tumbled into the hole.

The firing squad reloaded their Sharps carbines, and the second man was disposed of.

The others stood waiting their turns, and at last all had been disposed of except Tribolette and Escalante. The grave Escalante had dug was at the end and he was scheduled to die last.

As the firing squad loaded for Tribolette, Mendez asked him if he had anything to say for himself.

"I have a request, señor. Please do not mutilate my face with a shot of grace. Should I meet my wife in the next world, I would wish her to see me as I am now."

Mendez turned to his men. "Hear that? Aim your shots for his heart, men. Ready! Aim . . ."

It was now Escalante's time to go and he stood alone—the last of the thirteen conspirators.

"And your wish, señor?"

"That your body be devoured by coyotes and buzzards, and that before you die you suffer a thousand deaths."

A few moments later Escalante, too, lay in his grave and was covered up with the rest.

Escalante's curse haunted Mendez in later years. He became afflicted with cancer, and suffered the tortures of hell before he died alone on his Guadalajara estate. When the body was found days later, wild animals had mutilated the face.

We Found A Lost Gold Mine

(Continued from page 31)

in the spring of 1956. The glacier really presented a huge obstacle. We dynamited the icy mass. It dropped into the creek below where it dissolved and floated away.

In the process of dynamiting, a large vein of brightly colored ore appeared in the canyon wall, not far above the snow line. Following the vein upward, we could see what looked like a small ledge suitable for a starting point for drilling and blocking out this vein.

With the help of ropes and sheer stubbornness we made it up, cutting hand and foot holes in a solid rock wall which ran straight up for seventy feet. The ledge was only about ten inches wide—a precarious perch.

We began the laborious, nerve-racking procedure of pulling up the equipment, piece by piece, and assembling it on the ten-inch ledge. Then the drilling began.

Soon the canyon was reverberating with the echoes of dynamite blasts and

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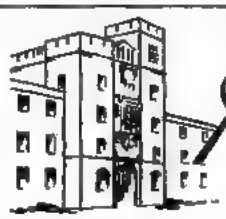

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falling rock. Tons and tons of rock came tumbling down. A yawning, gaping hole began to appear in the face of the wall. The ore proved out as high-grade gold, silver, copper and zinc.

Sound causes friction and friction causes heat and the more the crew blasted, the lower the glacier receded. Finally, the blasting and the heat of the sun caused the snow pack to completely disappear from the canyon.

With the ice and snow gone, we were excited to find a drift going straight into the face of the cliff, lower down on the same vein we were working. This drift had been covered with snow for many years. We made careful preparations for entering the drift. Ropes, lanterns and candles were brought up. Black damp or other gases were possible. Cave-ins were checked. A cautious entrance was made.

Author Long, Mineral Gorge Mining partner, shows a visitor the different veins in the cliff walls. Notice how straight up and down the canyon walls are.

The tunnel ran about sixty feet straight into the hill. Finding it free of cave-ins and gases, we made a minute examination of our find.

Marked on the wall of the drift were the dates 1910 and 1911. Just inside the tunnel mouth, we found an old crucible, a single jack rusted with age, a wheelbarrow and an old bellows. When we touched the tools, they disintegrated to nothingness—all that remained were the hammer head, the wheel of the wheelbarrow and a couple of badly-battered star drills. It gave us a spooky feeling to see these objects disappear to dust.

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Our Tacoma quintet proved again that not all lost mines remain hidden.

Truly Western

(Continued from page 4)

one of whom was married to Tom Jeffords . . . My mother died in 1911; my father was killed in the 1906 fire in San Francisco, where I was born in 1891. I am also named after my great-uncle Mangus Coloradas; his name being Dasoda Hae.

This is not intended to be antagonistic, but I wish the writers, all of them, would try to ascertain the true facts before writing—especially about the Apaches.

Getting back to Chief Victorio. He was a warrior—or rather, a war chief—under Mangus Coloradas. After the death of my great-uncle, he was under Chie, my great-uncle's only son. As a warrior, he was as brave as they came, and his authority as a war chief was never questioned. As far as being a member of the Council of Chiefs of the Warm Springs, or Mimbrenos, he had nothing to say.

He was killed with all his men, sixteen in all—by the Rurales in the Candaleria Mountains of Mexico for the one time that an Apache let his material wants overcome his cunning. He led his men to a water hole—in the open there after killing the extra horses and feasting, instead of withdrawing to cover, they went to sleep and were surprised by the Rurales. Geronimo told me this story as it was repeated to him by Nana, who was with Victorio at that time, but away on a hunting trip when Victorio was killed. He was killed in 1881 . . .

Well, I have this off my chest. On page 9 (of that issue), you have a picture from the Ben Wittick collection. As it happens, the Apache woman in this picture is my grandmother . . . the one at the far right looks very much like Geronimo. He was a great "ham," as far as having his picture taken . . . Somehow, I rather liked him. His grandson, "Chief Silent Dawn," or Colonel Ted Davis, and I are very close friends.

Hope you can convince the author that her father was mistaken about the Apaches . . . It did make good reading, but rather comical to me, because being Apache, I know them, and I am sure this could not have happened with any of my people being participants.—Joseph C. Evans ("Nino Dasoda Hae"), 3707 E. 57th Street, Maywood, Calif.

Editors, *True West:*

Just picked up a copy of TW (June) and read King's story as told to Lea McCarty.

As I am Cherokee, I resent King's statement that the Cherokees and Comanches were horse thieves (I don't know about the Comanches). In the previous paragraph, he admits stealing a horse, and later bootlegging whiskey to the Indians . . . Just such men as he came into the Indian Nations, stole horses and sold them to Texas cowboys and peddled bootleg whiskey. Whites stole so many horses that the Indians and whites formed an anti-horse thief association to protect their stock.

For a fee, a horse was registered with weight, age, color and other natural markings. The horse was branded with a small letter "C" on the left paw. The owner was given a certificate, and he carried it with him when riding a registered horse. He had better have the certificate with him if he rode into a part of the country where he was not known, as the certificate could be compared to the present-day driver's license or title to car.

The whites and renegades who flocked in here from eastern states did more to give this country a bad reputation than all the so-called "bad" Indians. Of course, there were a very few of the Indians who traveled the "owl-hoot" trail, but they started out with white "owl-hooters."

I hope you and Mr. King get a flood of letters protesting his statement in TW that the Cherokees were horse thieves.—Noonah Bearpaw, Tulsa, Oklahoma.

"No, no, Tombstone . . . not that end!"

Amigo:

Been readin' your *True West* for quite a spell now, and to use an old mountain word, it's mighty annagroveous.

I git a real big kick outa readin' the stories you print. In the June issue, I reckon I mostly liked your little story about the Utes. Wish you would print more stories about us Indians. I was real surprised when I got in the service to find out how little people know or care about Indians. Most of my amigos is from the east coast and they think Indians got big homes and cars and stuff like they do. If'n you git a chance and some extra paper, how about writing a story about living ways now . . .

Afore I go, I want to say that if'n you want to see a rodeo—a real rodeo—where the bulls still got their horns and all the cowhands are at their best, go to Ogden, Utah, for the Pioneer Days in July. If'n you can't make that, hit Cheyenne. Gracias for the good readin'—keep 'er comin'.—"Savage" Malan, AF 1961 4496, 6910 RGM, APO 130, New York, N.Y.

Bueno, "Savage," we'll slip in as many stories about us Indians as we can—got some good ones comin' up. But you can see from the letters above why we get nervous when we print one . . . guess it's safe to write about Apaches, though; we can save our scalps that way. We REALLY are glad to get comments like these; it helps every story to be that much better and more authentic than the last.—Garrulous Goodpasture.

Remembrance of Things Past

Dear Sir:

(Have just read) your story in the August, 1958, *True West* issue on "Wild Old Days." I don't believe the "Old Mose" story is true. In fact, here are some of the details as told to me by my father,

(Continued on page 54)

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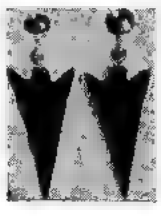

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Truly Western

(Continued from page 52)

Mr. A. B. Dell, who is eighty-eight years old and lives in Guffey, Colorado. He remembers hearing the shots that killed "Old Mose," and was about four miles from there where it happened . . . My father was a very good friend of Mr. Pigg's and we know the country well. My father also saw "Old Mose" after he was killed . . . Here is the story told by my father:

From 1885 until 1905, high in the mountains of Fremont and Park counties of Colorado, the main cowboy and rancher talk was "Bear"—one large grizzly bear above all. He had been shot at and hit several times, but still roamed the hills, killing around 300 head of cattle. It is doubtful that he killed any deer, although he had eaten on many deer carcasses.

A rancher, Charles Douglas, caught the old bear in one of his bear traps, but the bear pulled loose, leaving one toe. Therefore, Mr. Douglas named him "Old Mose." Mr. Douglas and two of his sons, John and Arch, hunted Old Mose many times, but only saw him once. They built a scaffold in a tree by a lake on Black Mountain. About two weeks later on a moonlight night, they were waiting in the scaffold. Looking down, they saw the old bear close to the tree. Not being able to see clear and most likely a little nervous, they never fired a shot. So, Old Mose was safe again.

Jake Ratcliff of Fairplay, Colorado, and Hank Seamore, a rancher, decided they would hunt the old bear. After making camp (they had a wagon and a team), they picked up his track on the foothills of Waugh Mountain. After two or three days, they were getting close to Old Mose. They separated to surround some brush and timber in a ravine —Mr. Ratcliff on one side and Seamore on the other.

Mr. Ratcliff saw some fresh diggings around an old cave, but passed by it. Hearing a crash behind him, he looked back, and not twenty feet away rushed the huge bear. He shot once; the old bear mangled him brutally, tearing half his face off, breaking bones, and leaving him for dead.

Seamore later found him unconscious, and took him to the IM Ranch, which was about four miles away. Ratcliff regained consciousness later to tell about the bear. He lived from 4 p.m. to 1:30 a.m. Mr. Hysong, a cowboy, was sent to a nearby ranch to notify Mr. Ratcliff's relatives in Fairplay; but before they arrived, he had passed on. This was the second man Old Mose had killed; the other one was a miner.

By now, everyone was jumpy—even the hunters were staying more in the open, afraid of the thick timber where the old bear might be.

In April, Mr. Horton Pigg, owner of the Styrup Ranch, and a Mr. Anthony of Idaho decided they could get the old bear. Now, Old Mose roamed between Waugh Mountain, 31 Mountain and Black Mountain, and had even been seen on Cover Mountain. Mr. Pigg and Mr. Anthony packed their camp outfit and left the Styrup Ranch, finding Old Mose's tracks at White Horn. From there, they trailed him to Cal's Fork, up Wagon Tongue Gulch, to the Shimions Ranch (about three days). They stayed all night at the ranch, which is at the foot of Black Mountain.

The next morning, they began their climb up Black Mountain. They had fifty dogs each. They separated at the timber edge; Mr. Pigg going on in the timber. About noon, with a light snow falling, Old Mose left the timber and headed back for Waugh Mountain. Mr. Anthony, hearing the dogs, came to the edge of the timber and saw the old bear raise up near a big stump to fight the dogs. He was 200 yards away.

Mr. Anthony shot him once, and here came the old bear at full speed; stopping a minute or two to fight the dogs and then rushing on (he killed five dogs). Four more shots rang out, but the huge bear came on. One more shot—Old Mose dropped, twenty feet from Mr. Anthony who was probably beyond speech as that was his last shell. He had a 30-40 Winchester rifle; six shots is all the gun held.

Old Mose weighed 1,075 pounds, dressed. His track measured fourteen inches long, nine inches wide. He was nineteen inches across the head. He was poor, as you could feel his ribs. They sold the meat for ten cents a pound at Morgan and Wright Market in Canon City, Colorado.—Mrs. Lorraine Sadlair, 110 North Seventh Street, Canon City, Colorado.

"He's from Alaska—brag, brag, brag!"

Dr. Walter P. Webb, Historical Consultant:

After reading the June issue of *True West*, I can assure you I will be a steady reader of your magazine from now on. Your June issue has a story called "Up Today and Down Tomorrow," and written by Ralph W. Andrews. On page 22, there is a picture of sixteen lumberjacks and their belongings. In the back row from left to right and seated next to the last man standing, is my father.

My father migrated from Iowa to Hoquiam, Washington, during the depression of the 1890's . . . My father's name was Charles Adamson, and worked for Alec Polson up to about 1907 when we moved to Idaho . . . I would like the address of Ralph W. Andrews if he is an old-timer with pictures like this one. He probably knows these men by name. Maybe I can come up with a story with like surprises.—Percy L. Adamson, Box 437, Powers, Oregon.

Howdy, Folks:

In regard to Zoe Tilghman's letter in February *True West*, I thought you might like to know that Bill Tilghman was born at Fort Dodge, Iowa, about

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thirty miles from my grandfather's farm at Fondo, Iowa. My father said that Bill was the greatest peace officer of the old West. A drunken federal agent named Wiley Lynn killed him in Oklahoma.

Perhaps Zoe Tilghman remembers a cousin of my grandfather, U. S. Marshal Theodore S. Wykoff, who arrested Henry Starr in 1891 at Muskogee, Oklahoma, for selling liquor to the Indians. Henry Starr, a notorious bank robber and train robber, was shot in 1915 at Stroud, Oklahoma. Later, in 1923, he was killed at Harrisonville, Arkansas, by a bank cashier . . .

U. S. Marshall "Dory" Wykoff had three horses shot from under him by Henry Starr's gang while serving in Oklahoma from 1884 to 1894.—Roy A. Wykoff, Jr. (Member Oklahoma National Cowboy Hall of Fame), Iowa's Soldiers Home, Marshalltown, Iowa.

Dear Joe:

I notice you boys have an SOS out for stories other than the southwest. That's a danged good idea. I'd like to see some one go after a story in southeastern Oregon I learned about. I think it would make interesting reading.

During the depression, I was a cowboy for old Rye Smith in Harney County, Oregon. There was a number of cow outfits in those parts. Some of those I remember were the Bell A, the Double O and the Alvord Ranch. At the time, old Rye Smith was well up in his nineties. His son, C. B. Smith, was the boss.

Anyway, on the ranch, which is located near Burns, Oregon, is the remains of an old rock house. I believe it was partly a wooden structure. Anyway, one of the cowboys told me in the bunk house one night that old Rye had been away from the ranch one day, and upon his return he found a band of Indians circling the house. It had been set afire, and all that was left was the rock foundation.

But I remember correctly Rye opened up on the young bucks from ambush and they temporarily seemed to retreat. Fearing his family was killed, or perhaps still alive, Rye made a fast ride to the house. As soon as he did so, the Indians turned and took chase. Rye rode as fast as his horse could carry him. He managed to out-distance them on his cowpony. When he summoned help, the rest of the buildings were burned to the ground. The next day, the cowboy took me to the private graveyard near the house Rye was then living in, and there was the graves of a large family—all of which were massacred. Rye was the only one to escape.—Allen A. Erwin, 1432 N. Curson Avenue, Hollywood 46, California.

Dear Norm:

The letter to you in TW for June from Fred E. Holdredge, Caldwell, Idaho, was like a visit to my old stomping grounds; having lived in Thermopolis, Wyoming, for sixteen years.

I believe Fred is the same Fred Holdredge who operated a hotel in the twenties, and also served two terms as sheriff of that county (Hot Springs) . . . While Fred was sheriff, he had some characters to oversee, including me, the Maybell brothers, the Nicholsons and the Hagens, one of whom (Scott) succeeded Fred as sheriff . . . Among the characters I failed to mention—Uncle Johnny Owens, a lawman (either as marshal or sheriff) for twenty-two years. He reportedly killed twenty-three men, but I never heard him confirm this.

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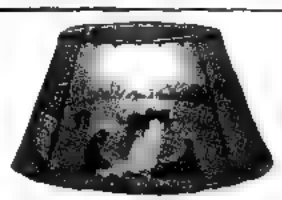

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Incidentally, if you could research his life, you would have some A-1 material for TW.

All Fred said about Mrs. Minnie Brown, and more, I can readily believe. She took in roomers and I roomed there almost a year. She was a large woman; tall, big-boned and had a heart as big as she was. She helped anyone and everyone to the limit of her finances, and often beyond that limit. So I am not surprised that she helped Virginia Bridger.—Orrin R. Garretson, 148 West 46th Street, Los Angeles 34, California.

More on Wyatt Earp

Howdy Joe:

"Truly Western" is still as sharp as a cactus spine and printin' letters from Cuzzin Ralph Pierce of Tuscon proves it. That's the part I like best. Nuthin' would be duller than everybody agreein' that Wyatt Earp was a deathless hero. In some ways it's better than a TV serial because I never know from issue to issue what wonderful new facts will be found and passed on to us *True West* addicts. I like that part about Wyatt bein' nuthin' but a "dirty old tobacco chewer with tobacco juice all over his whiskers." That made me sob. Tobacco chewing is a lost art these days and a whole lot of these Eastern dudes who are so careful about the kind of a filter they got in their smokes, would-a been clear out of the class them old Western tobacco chewers created all by themselves. So it ain't fair to judge Wyatt that way; after all a man has got the right to dribble once in a while, ain't he? As for the other stuff Cuzzin Pierce said, well I'm willing to let it stand. I don't reckon old Wyatt is turnin' in his grave over what Cuzzin Pierce says . . . anyhow he couldn't as he was cremated. Howsomever, his dust is probably gettin' stirred up at what the Teevee boys have been doin' to him week after week. That's what hurts. Makin' a goldurned saint outta him and havin' him all prettied up. That's where Cuzzin Pierce comes in so handy and makes me feel real good to hear that Wyatt was something more than a big fat hero. The big battle of the O.K. Corral has been taken up everywhere except at the U. N. and don't be lookin' fish-eyed if they bring it up there. I guess the only thing they know for sure was when the dust settled the McLowerys and Billy Clanton had departed this life. Billy's age has been reported as anywhere from fifteen to nineteen . . . . his age really doesn't matter. He took a hand in a man's game. As for gettin' out of Tombstone or gettin' killed . . . well that's a lot like the feller who showed up with a "shiner" and said he'd got it in a barroom where he thought he heard a feller tell him to "stand up." What the feller had really said was "shut up!" A whale of a lot of difference in them two commands which was just what Cuzzin Pierce pointed out in his letter. Keep 'em comin', Joe. Best of luck.—Z. B. Schramm, Box 21, Route 1, Goodman, Missouri.

Dear Editor:

In *True West* for June-July, 1958, page 47, it is stated in a note by Guy J. Giffin that "an outlaw is a man wanted by the law. As far as I know, Wyatt Earp never killed an outlaw. However, he did 'murder' a few men, and as a result died with an unserved murder warrant against him in Arizona."

This statement is misleading. Earp never murdered anyone. His first killing was on August 21, 1877, when he killed George Hoyt, a Texas cowboy who was hired to murder Wyatt. His next killing was at the O.K. Corral on October 25, 1881, when he participated in a gun battle between himself, his two brothers and Doc Holliday against several outlaws. Three of the outlaws were killed, Frank and Tom McLowery and Billy Clanton. In this battle the law officers were forced to shoot to kill to save their lives. They were completely exonerated by the authorities.

The next killing in which Wyatt was involved was when his brother Morgan was foully assassinated by other members of the same gang of outlaws. Knowing the law could not be enforced in Tombstone at that time against these killers, Wyatt set out to personally avenge his brother's death. He killed the following criminals: Frank Stilwell and Florentino Cruz (Indian Charlie).

In view of the fact that the law could not be enforced in Tombstone at this time, all of these killings as described above were justifiable. Earp moved on to Colorado, where that state refused to extradite him. The reason given by the Colorado officials was that he did not commit murder.

You will find all this information in the book *Wyatt Earp, Frontier Marshal*, by S. N. Lake. I have read some fifteen or twenty other books which tell the same story. Hope I have been of some assistance in clearing up your misunderstanding of Wyatt Earp.—William D. McVey, 2828 South Moreland Blvd., Cleveland 20, Ohio.

T'ain't our misunderstanding, Bill ol' boy! We have heard so many conflicting stories on Earp and all the other famous gunslingers and lawmen of the old West that we just print the letters you fellers send in and let the chips fall where they may. Not so long ago we quoted Stuart Lake's book to an old-timer who was running down Wyatt Earp. He looked at us real hard and spoke as follows: "Stuart Lake wa'n't there at the time any more 'n I was. So, by grabs, my word is just as good as his. My pappy knew Wyatt Earp and he told me this story was true. And I'd a-damn soon rather believe my own pappy than any hero-worshipin' writer!" Who knows, Bill—maybe his pappy was right!

Truly Western:

Just returned from Juneau, Alaska, and at the Red Dog Saloon, there is a gun that Wyatt Earp is supposed to have checked and never claimed.

The gun was checked at the U. S. Marshal's office in Juneau June 27, 1900, by the notorious gunfighter Wyatt Earp. Earp departed for Nome aboard the S. S. Senator at 5 o'clock on June 29, prior to the opening of the marshal's office at the "Red Dog" in Juneau. Earp never came back to claim it, and it is still framed with this story beneath it. Thought you might want to know.

I do enjoy both the TW and FT. I also belong to the Wyatt Earp Club of Tombstone, Arizona.—Mrs. Berenice M. Griep, 2861 North 20th Street, Milwaukee 6, Wisconsin.

Sir:

Just a few lines about who was the fastest gunfighter in the Old West . . . Art Allison (Clay Allison's cousin) beat Wyatt Earp to the draw by a fraction of a second. In Tombstone, October, 1881, they emptied their guns and practiced a draw. Allison beat Earp. If any-

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one would like to argue this point, I would like to hear from them.

Keep up the good word on *True West*. —James Lountz, 1223 Catherine, Muskegon, Michigan.

Son, those few lines were just about the last ones on fast gun that will ever appear in this column. Our readers keep writing. "Stop printing all this fast-draw hoorah: we're tired of it." So, since our bosses—the readers—say, "whoa"; whoa it is.

Confusion Rains

Editor:

I read in your *True West* magazine of August, 1959, that Sam Houston Hill killed Sam Bass at Round Rock, Texas.

I then came across something in another magazine which said that Dick Ware killed Sam Bass and that James Buchanan Gillett, a Texas Ranger, was a witness to the killing. So, could you please straighten me out.—Jerry Ferguson, 523 12th Avenue North, Nampa, Idaho.

Jerry:

As J. Frank Dobie said in retelling Sam Houston Hill's story, " . . . at a certain stage of fortification by liquid bravemaker, he (Sam Houston Hill) had to tell a story." And he told a pretty good one, don't you think?—Garrulous.

True West:

The article about Charles M. Russell in the April issue was most welcome. One article about this great artist, though, is like being limited to wade ankle-deep in a cool stream, when your whole body screams for immersion. Why not a series of . . . say . . . three articles?

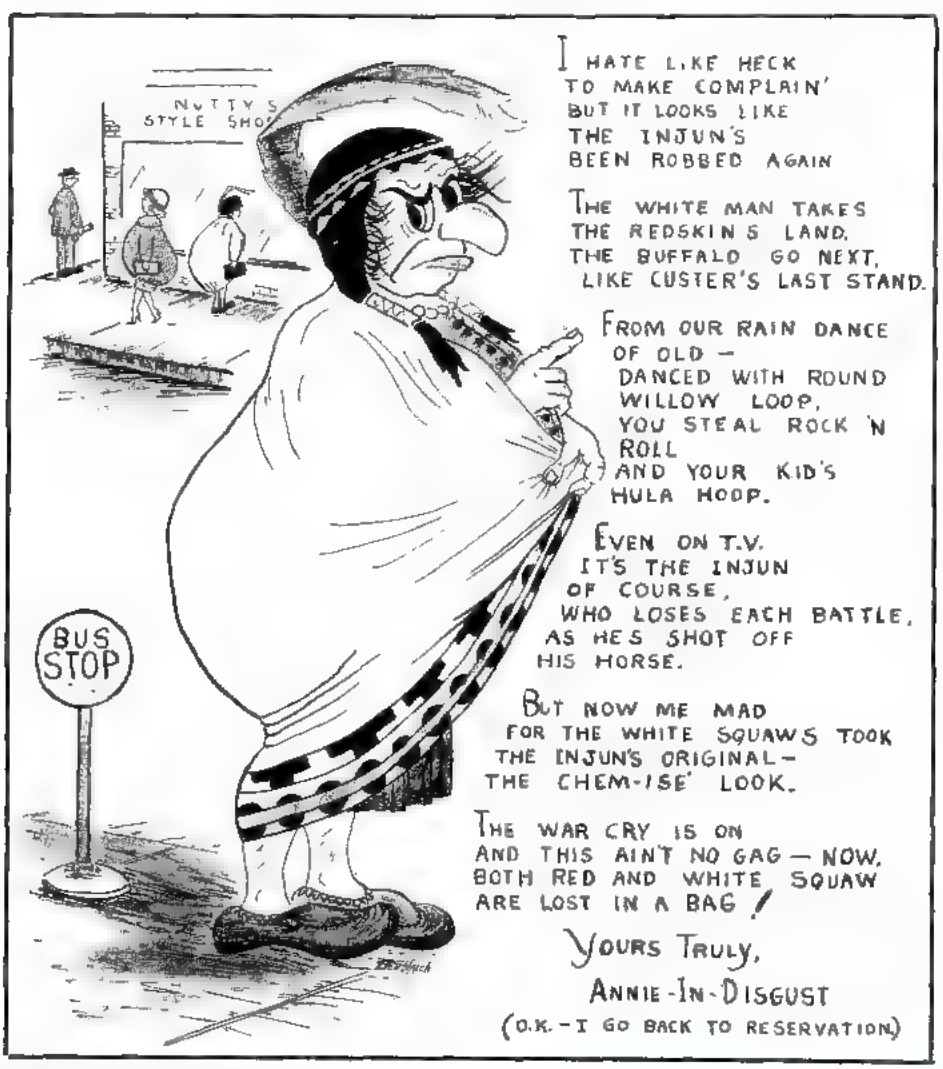
However, what I want to say most of all is that the article brought back memories of Great Falls, Montana. When I was a teenager, I corresponded with a girl (Frances Chilson) in Great Falls. She worked on the ranches when the work was available and in town at other times. She was a little older than I and had sort of adopted me—unofficially—as a brother. One thing I remember vividly was that she had sent me a picture of Charles M. Russell on horseback in front of his log cabin studio. She had met the famous artist, as had many other people in all walks of life. This was around 1920, about six years before Russell's death.

Suddenly, for no reason I can account for—there were no more letters from her. This was almost thirty years ago . . . I have never ceased to wonder what happened.—Leo Gaudreau, 190 Russell Street, West Peabody, Massachusetts.

Gentlemen:

. . . The boys of the Buscaderos Fast Draw Club (July-August *True West*), and especially Mr. Bill Hazel, are as far out in left field as can be when they state: "That no photographer and no camera could stop a man in a 7/100th-of-a-second draw."

Hell, Mr. Hazel, the shutter on a camera that is not operating any better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BUS STOP
I HATE LIKE HECK TO MAKE COMPLAIN' BUT IT LOOKS LIKE THE INJUN'S BEEN ROBBED AGAIN
THE WHITE MAN TAKES THE REDSKIN'S LAND, THE BUFFALO GO NEXT, LIKE CUSTER'S LAST STAND.
FROM OUR RAIN DANCE OF OLD — DANCED WITH ROUND WILLOW LOOP, YOU STEAL ROCK 'N ROLL AND YOUR KID'S HULA HOOP.
EVEN ON T.V. IT'S THE INJUN OF COURSE, WHO LOSES EACH BATTLE, AS HE'S SHOT OFF HIS HORSE.
BUT NOW ME MAD FOR THE WHITE SQUAWS TOOK THE INJUN'S ORIGINAL — THE CHEM-ISE' LOOK.
THE WAR CRY IS ON AND THIS AIN'T NO GAG — NOW, BOTH RED AND WHITE SQUAW ARE LOST IN A BAG!
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than that is due for the repair shop. There are probably no more than thirty or forty thousand amateur and professional photographers in this country that could stop the fastest draw of any of the boys with their cameras, without the slightest of a blur. Haven't you ever heard of the Strobe or Speed Electronic Lights that operate as fast as 1/2000th and 1/4000th of a second?—B. N. Elliott, 3411 Concord Road, Amarillo, Texas.

Truly Western:

I am amazed at the wealth of information revealed in letters from old-timers. In 1953, during the Scout Jamboree in California, I ran into a fascinating old gentleman who was the living image of William F. Cody (Buffalo Bill). He ran a little museum of Western artifacts in Corona del Mar. His name was Colonel R. G. Blake. He told some mighty interesting stories about the Daltons and his days in Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show. I sure would like to be enlightened as to the verisimilitude of his past.—Peter Dennis, 1675 N. 122 Street, Wauwatosa 13, Wisconsin.

Editor, *True West:*

You recently published a story entitled, I believe, "I Found the Tumacacori Treasure." The author of that item sure put it all over you as far as being a true tale. I am a full time prospector working in southern Arizona and know well the tales and the land hereabouts.

The picture of treasure shown was certainly taken in some museum and was not treasure found by the author.

The Tumacacori treasure was buried in the Guadalupe Mine, three miles southwest of the mission. The bars of bullion consisted of white silver and silver with some gold alloyed in it. The bars were 100 pounds or half a cargo; two being a load. This treasure was hidden in year 1546, and therefore no bars with later date could be found there.

The Pure Conception Mine was also covered in 1546 and no bullion was left there. The ore was yellow—one-half silver plus one-fifth gold; not bullion of that assay. The mine in the El Rudio Mountain has been known for years, and produced mostly native silver.

John Mitchell wrote of it in his book; also, *Arizona Highways* of October, 1944, had an article about it and the man (who found the mine) drowned in a cloudburst. This man took pictures of entrance to mine, some landmarks, and the church nearby. This man found the mine before your author; not after, as stated.

If your author still claims his story is true, ask him what he did with the copper door which weighed so much it took a team of open oxen with a drag to haul it from church to mine. Also, how could he find rattlers in a wet cave? The man who drowned said the tunnel was dry; had thirty tons of ore (rock) in rocks, but no bullion stored in it.—W. R. Workman, P. O. Box 38, Tumacacori, Arizona.

The Ghost Rides Again

Sir:

Jim Flint's ghost is apt to give Frank Simmons a bad time for stating he is the ninety-five-years-young bartender at Pony, Montana, in the story, "Ghosts and Near Ghosts," August issue.

Jim Flint, one of Pony's oldest, most prominent, most interesting and beloved citizens, was an attorney-at-law. Had Mr. Simmons spent a day at the Pony bank—office and residence of Mr. and Mrs. Flint—he'd have left with data for a top story.

The name of the ninety-five-year-old bartender is Charlie Babcock, a wonderful old feller; and the owner of the bar is Bert Welch, not Bert Smith. A woman with a heart of gold.—Fay and Rita White, Box 373, Avon, Montana.

Gentlemen:

I enjoyed reading Frank Simmons' article, "Ghosts and Near Ghosts" in your August number. In fact, I called our people at the Historical Library, so that they would be sure to get a copy for their files.—Andrew D. Walsh, 734 Fifth Avenue, Helena, Montana.

The "Kernel" Was a Tough Nut To Crack

Greetings, Joe:

. . . I don't remember very much about what (my) Dad said in regard to the knife battle between Bill Cody and Yellowknife; nor do I recall when or where the fight took place. They used hunting knives and had their left wrists tied together.

"Miss Crenshaw, send that cowboy that thinks he's a chicken back in here."

As I get it, the army had been told to leave some of the injun tribes alone and Yellowknife took advantage of that order to try to do a little bossing on his own hook. Buffalo skins were in demand as coats for college sheiks and the meat was used by the railroad construction crews. The slaughter had been so heavy that the animals had thinned out and moved away and had to be scouted down.

Cody, who came by the odd name of "Kernel," was given a contract for buffalo on the hoof or in the bag, and while out scouting with Dad and a few other guys—one named Locke and another named Crawley—(all four lived in the neighborhood of North Platte, Nebraska), they bumped into an Indian scout patrol. The redskins objected to the vast wholesale killing that cost them their food. The argument was sound, but Yellowknife was a tough, persnickety cuss. He told Cody to vamoose, and Cody challenged him to a duel. The winner took all.

The "Kernel" was a hard nut to crack —not very large in build, but strong and quick in his movements. Yellowknife didn't know that the larger they came, the harder they fell. He was a trouble maker in bad with both the Sioux and Cheyenne nations; probably a horse thief and early day hit-and-run artist, and he met his Waterloo.

I have seen herds of buffalo in the Platte River valley so large as to be impossible to count. After they passed, there was nothing left but bare ground and future sand storm material. They did so much damage they were looked on as a general nuisance by all ranchers who were trying to settle that country into farms.

The London-born western historical experts will probably try to take me apart. If I had a dollar a mile for every mile I have spent in a saddle, I would go to London for scones and tea.—Edwin Glaze, P. O. Box 265, Grand Junction, Colorado.

Dear Norm:

I want to give you a little pat on the back for a bigger and better magazine . . . I thought it might interest you to know that my article on Tom Mix in the December, 1958, issue of *True West* brought many interesting letters from all over the country; some asking, some giving information. There were some from Maine and Alaska, which shows that your little rag is kinda getting around a bit.

I will pass this little bit of information on to you: I am now thoroughly convinced that Tom Mix was born at DuBois, Pennsylvania; that his real name was Arthur Leventgaugh; his mother was Pennsylvania Dutch and his father was Jewish. His mother was widowed, and she then married a Mr. Mix when Tom was a small boy.—D. L. (Spike) Spackman, P. O. Box 581, Los Bancos, California.

The Doctor Was a Marshal

Old-Timers' Corral:

I've been reading in one of your *True West* magazines letters from old, old-timers . . . I would like to hear about my father, Herbert Goddard. He was killed close to Goodwater, Oklahoma (then Indian Territory). I was five months old and never have got to hear much about my Dad.

He was a doctor, schoolteacher and U. S. marshal. He was killed by an Indian, while trying to make an arrest. The Indian was drunk in town (so I've been told), and when dark came and he went home, they called my Father to go arrest him. He (the Indian) shot and killed him. This was in August, 1900.

I've heard my Mother say that they lived in Austin, Texas, when the first two children were born, but Dad was sent everywhere to catch the bad men in those days. I talked to an old man a few years ago who lived close to Clarksville down on Red River. He said he remembered back when there were real criminals hiding in the river bottom, there was a Dr. Goddard, U. S. Marshal in Austin, who they got to come in and get them—and he always got them, too. But, as I say, he lost his life in the same service.

What I'd like very much is if any old-timers ever knew my Father, I'd be so happy to hear all about him.—Mrs. Lottie Goddard Smith, 2322 South Fourth Avenue, Tucson, Arizona.

We'd like to hear about Dr. Goddard, too. He sounds like a mighty versatile fellow and his story must have been real True West material.—Garrulous.

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"The cabin is the only clue to the gold, untouched throughout the years"

"There is not only the rich vein, but also the gold which the two prospectors had already mined and stored in the cabin," says Lovelace. The author is talking about the Lost Cabin Mine in Nevada. "Whatever else you may do, do not be persuaded to try to reach the cabin by scaling the sheer bluff side, as so many have tried to do, in spite of all warnings. One man making the same attempt, in 1943, by going up the sheer side of the mountain, reached within 100 feet of his goal. He slipped and fell and was dead when he reached the ground, hurtling through 2,500 feet of empty air."

In this specific way the author gives the important clues and instructions for the search for some of the famous hidden treasures of the last three centuries. From the newspapers of the time, from the local residents of the area, even from the court records, Leland Lovelace has prospected for treasure trove information and hit pay dirt. For example, in 1874 members of the "Treasure Trove Company" brought suit to determine questions involving rights of members.

"The treasure claimed by the company was an ancient cache of gold dust buried in 1682 by Spanish explorers."

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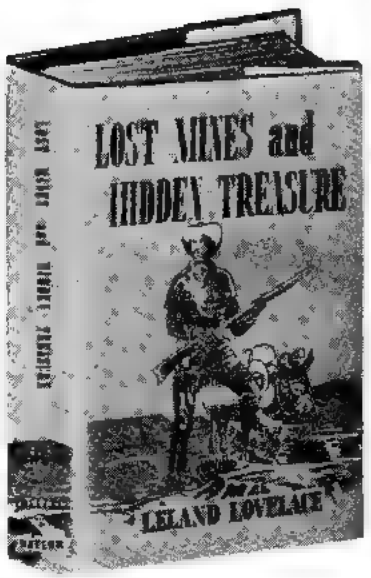

About Leland Lovelace

Lovelace went to the desert country of Arizona many years ago and there became a recognized authority on clues to the lost mines and buried treasures of the Western United States. Treasure seekers from nearly every state have beaten a path to the Lovelace door to discuss clues and satisfy themselves as to the authenticity of the treasures which they seek.

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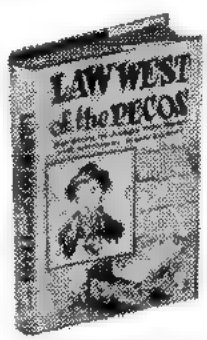

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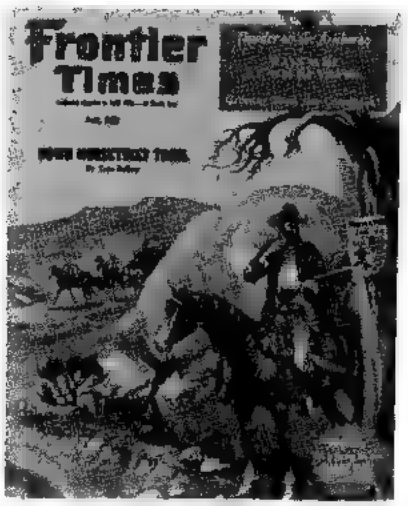

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We've really filled this one with choice material. Take a look at this partial list of contents:

THUNDER ON THE ARICKAREE. Colonel Forsyth and his forty-nine scouts on Beecher's Island surrounded by a thousand whirling, whooping redskins!

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MASSACRE AT WICKENBURG, by Nell Murbarger. Dutch John's lead horses swung around a blind curve in the road—and the next instant all hell broke loose.

RATTLESNAKE! by J. Frank Dobie. Do they really swallow their young—these dreaded reptiles that inhabit our West?

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WAGON YARDS by Florence Fenley. The cow country's first hotels—where horse trading and horseplay were everyday affairs.

THE LOST DUTCH OVEN MINE. Tom Scofield was lucky enough to get lost and find it; but even more, unlucky enough to forget where he got lost!

KING OF THE KLONDIKE, by Norman B. Wiltsey. That was Mike Mahoney, "ten feet tall with his feet in the earth and his head in the clouds."

JESSE'S TROUBLE MAKER. Bill Ryan, "whiskey-head" and bad boy of the James' gang.

DOWN HORSETHIEF TRAIL, by Tom Bailey. Tom Wesley takes a long and dangerous ride when Marshal Hickok didn't want to clear up the mystery of missing Bill Fenner.

BANDIT-HUNTING BLOODHOUNDS. — led by the railroad's "robber routers" take out after outlaws.

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Wild Old Days

(Continued from page 33)

Indians plows, wagons, harness, mowing machines. In fact, they were issued most anything they wanted if they would agree to start farming. A lot of Indians agreed just to get the new stuff.

I lived close to the reservation and had plenty of chances to observe the weird actions of the Indians. Say a Crow took a notion to plow, mow some hay or haul a load of wood. When he finished the job—or tired of it—he would just unhitch and throw the harness down and turn the team loose. You could see harness scattered most everywhere, mowers in the field, hay rakes under most every choke-cherry patch. One old Indian broke his wagon and used his hay rake for a buggy until he wore it out. They never greased their machinery. When they broke anything, they would tell the boss farmer and get a new outfit.

The Indians were great hands to trade or sell their stuff. If they needed a little money, they would sell you a wagon or most any kind of machinery for five dollars, as they had no idea what the stuff was worth. After an Indian had sold his wagon, he would go to the boss farmer and say, "Want new wagon."

The agent would ask what had happened to the one he'd had. The Indian would reply, "Gone. Me no savvy. Maybeso white man ketch 'em." That would end the conversation right there, with the Indian getting a new wagon.

When the Burlington was putting the railroad through Pryor Gap, a lot of freighters worked hauling supplies to the road camps from Billings, a distance of forty miles. I was one of them.

There was an Indian family that had their tepee on Pryor Creek near the freight road. It was a handy place to water my team and I often stopped and visited with them, as they could talk a little English.

They were real blanket Indians and had several children, all little squaws. It didn't look like a prosperous set-up, so I made a point of cleaning out my grub box and giving them any extra grub I had on hand. I don't quite remember the buck's name, but it seems to me that it was Big Ant or something like that. One time I looked at all the little squaws running around the tepee and mentioned that he sure had a big family.

Big Ant looked disgusted and grunted, "Heap sh--! Too many squaws. No good. Me want'em little buck."

Well, there wasn't much I could suggest that hadn't already been tried, so I kept still.

AFTER the railroad was finished, Big Ant felt that I was his friend. He always camped at my ranch on his way to and from Billings. One trip he stopped by, looking pretty glum. Seemed his wife had just had another squaw papoose. My wife went to see the new baby. Big Ant's squaw, whose name I never knew, had a talk with my wife which amused us quite a bit.

The squaw was disgruntled about having another girl. "Me no savvy," she complained. "All time have squaw papoose. My buck heap mad. He want buck. *I* want buck. Me no ketch'em. All time squaw. Heap sh—! My buck say he go to Sioux Reservation, get squaw, have'em buck. Maybeso you savvy, you tell'em. How make'em little buck?"

As in my case with Big Ant, my wife was unable to offer any constructive advice.

That was the last time they stopped at our place and I had about forgotten them until one day I saw Big Ant's squaw in the Crow Agency about a year later. She said "How" and I said "How" to her.

She stood and stared at me and I knew she had something on her mind, so I waited for her to speak. Finally she said, "You see'em Big Ant?"

I shook my head, "No."

The squaw thought that over for awhile and then said, "Big Ant gone long time. Me no savvy. Maybeso drown in Big Horn. Maybeso ketch'em another squaw."

I said I was sorry he'd run out on her and took my leave.

Several months passed. I happened to be riding on Pryor Creek and rode by Big Ant's place. I saw there was a fire in front of the tepee and dropped off

"Don't worry about saving face! That's not what they're shooting at!"

to pass the time of day with them.

Big Ant was sitting on a cottonwood log, smoking a pipe. He acted real glad to see me. I shook his hand and remarked, "Long time me no see."

He looked at me pretty sharp, then he said, "Me go Sioux Reservation to ketch'em young squaw. Me no ketch'em. Me come back. All same, heap good. My squaw ketch'em little buck. Heap good!"

He acted real happy as he said, "You come, me show."

We entered the tepee to see the little buck. He was lying on a blanket on the floor of the tepee. He was surrounded by toys and had a bear-claw necklace around his neck.

My eyes popped when I saw the baby; a good-looking infant with fair skin, blue eyes and light hair. I figured maybe it was an adopted baby, as Indians are great on adopting children. I asked, "Where you ketch'em?"

Big Ant never blinked an eye. "Squaw say, 'maybeso Charley Bair's sheepherder, maybeso Billings policeman.' All same, my squaw, my papoose. Maybeso grow up to be policeman. Maybeso grow up to be chief. Maybeso be good horse thief. All same. Heap *good!*"

From the book BOTH FEET IN THE STIRRUPS, published by the Western Livestock Reporter Press.

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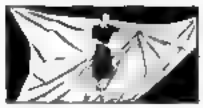

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By The Old Bookaroos

BUSHWACKER!

If Carl Breihan did an objective and complete research job prior to writing his new book, *Quantrill and His Civil War Guerillas* (Sage, $3.50), you can mark Quantrill off the list of maligned Robin Hoods. One may suspect that Carl was more than somewhat influenced by William Elsey Connelley, the late eminent Kansas historian who was, by personal admission, a Quantrill hater.

Breihan kicks off with a nifty prelude about the fuss at Harper's Ferry where John Brown, the cracked abolitionist from Ossawatomie, Kansas, and his sons were killed during their wild attempt to set up a northern escape route for southern slaves.

William Clark Quantrill, a berserk school teacher, became a pathological killer and made a career of murder and arson in anti-slavery Kansas. Chased out of Kansas for stealing, Quantrill changed his name to Charley Hart and joined a Utah bound freight outfit belonging to Russell, Majors and Waddell, which was hauling supplies for Johnston's Army.

Quantrill ran a crooked poker and faro game at Camp Floyd, near Utah Lake, where he slickered gullible soldiers out of their pay. There he crossed up army officials who kicked him out of Utah Territory. Back in the Missouri Ozarks, he established a hideout from which he and his band of fiendish killers robbed, murdered and burned out neighboring Kansans.

How he and his guerrillas sacked Lawrence, Kansas, killing men and boys and burning houses on the doorstep of an armed U. S. military station is one of the nervy and bloody episodes of American outlawry.

Some of Quantrill's henchmen were Cole Younger, Jesse and Frank James, Bloody Bill Anderson and George Todd who stirred up enough trouble themselves during their era of activity to rank high on "Wanted" lists.

In this book are 32 illustrations, many of them rare and published for the first time.

INDIAN UPRISING

American history has spotlighted its favorite Indian chieftains like Sitting Bull, Chief Joseph, Geronimo and Red Cloud because of miscellaneous feats for which they are famous. Almost overlooked has been Little Crow, chief of a band of eastern Sioux, who led the deadliest of the Sioux massacres in 1862 when over 800 Minnesota settlers were butchered as they frantically fled for protection to nearby white settlements. These Sioux let loose an orgy of torture, arson, looting and rape on a scale never before heard of in central and western United States.

News of these tragic events traveled slowly to the Washington, D. C., military department already overburdened with Civil War so help from Federal troops was slow in coming and local volunteers finally subdued the renegade Sioux and hanged many of the leaders.

The facts of this grim historical event have been published in the excellent new book, *The Great Sioux Uprising* (New York University Press, $5), by C. M. Oehler.

HISTORY—SERIOUS

Robert Glass Cleland's *From Wilderness to Empire* (Knopf, $6.95) is a combined and revised edition of his two well-known books *From Wilderness to Empire: A History of California, 1542-1900* (1944) and *California in Our Time, 1900-1940* (1947). The editing and combining job resulting in this very readable shorter history of California was the work of Dr. Glenn S. Dumke, a former student of Dr. Cleland and now president of San Francisco State College. Dr. Dumke wrote the first two chapters, the concluding chapter, and the bibliography of this book. The rest of the text, with minor amendments to bring it up-to-date, is in the words of Dr. Cleland. The selecting and editing was well done and the total result is an entirely worthwhile offspring of two books that have become standard reading classics of California history.

AND NOT SO SERIOUS

Snide Lights on Texas History (Naylor, $2.50) is by a couple of Ph.D.'s in the History Department at Texas Christian University, Marguerite Potter and William Curtis Nunn, using the pen name "Ananias Twist." The dust jacket blurb promises that the book is (1) the funniest, (2) a rollicking satire, (3) completely charming, (4) hilariously elfin, (5) rich and genuine humor, (6) a blending of tomfoolery and parody, (7) brazenly fresh and (8) superb reading. If it doesn't quite live up to this big sell who can blame the authors? As a matter-of-fact, the book is amusing for the most part but not always. At times the authors seem to be reaching and don't quite make it. If the book is short on belly laughs, there are some chuckles and it is different.

HIGH ADVENTURE

There still is romance and adventure left in the Canadian Northwest if you want to try for it according to Tom Ledge, a teen-age Englishman who tells of his gutty experience in *Beyond the Great Slave Lake* (Dutton, $3.75).

Grandson of famous physicist Sir Oliver Lodge, eighteen-year-old Tom headed into western Canada on his fortune hunt where he tried ranching before signing on with the half-breed, McHugh, to help him with his winter fishing enterprise on ice-bound Great Slave Lake. When cabin fever ran high before spring, Tom tangled with the irritable McHugh who tried to gouge out his eyes with the sharp end of a chunk of blazing firewood. The youngster was befriended by Indian fishermen with whom he spent the rest of the winter. Tom's nightmarish experience with his friend, White Geese, while adrift on a capricious ice floe in the Great Slave Lake, brings to

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Los Ciboleros, Spanish hunters, were the first mounted Europeans to hunt the animal and as Plains Indians adopted the horse they too became expert buffalo hunters. The author describes the ruthless buffalo slaughter by hide men; the subsequent scavenger hunt for the bones and near extinction of this magnificent animal.

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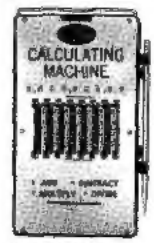

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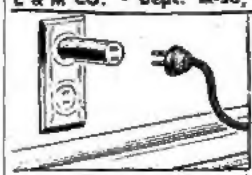

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The Fabulous Charlie Goodnight

(Continued from page 22)

Moore of Kansas City. A mining venture in Mexico proved unsatisfactory, and he bought the Sacra-Sugg Ranch near Goodnight, Texas, and the Goodnight-Thayer Cattle Company came into existence. Beginning to feel his years now, Charles Goodnight curtailed his activities to the home ranch.

Two years before the twentieth century, he and his wife founded the Goodnight College which survived for almost a decade under their stewardship. In his later years he had his neighbors save wild plum seed, and he scattered bushels of it up and down Palo Duro Canyon to take the place of the old thickets when they died.

AS the years flowed over him, Goodnight's crustiness increased. He was profanely outspoken in his hatred of cattle thieves and did not hesitate to curse old-time cattlemen who had started by swinging a wide loop. When he heard that a certain old-timer was complaining of being preyed upon by cattle thieves, he burst out: "They ought to steal all his cattle! That's the way he got his!"

Once when a rider came to him seeking a job, Goodnight said, "But, George, they say you're a cattle thief."

"Well, Mr. Goodnight, they say the same thing about you," was the audacious reply, which so tickled the old man that he hired the rider immediately.

Over the years he was a staunch friend of the Indians. Quanah Parker of the Comanches and Standing Deer of the Taos Pueblo held him in high regard. One day he took some old Comanches to see their ancestral camping grounds in Palo Duro Canyon, and when he heard their nostalgic comments he knew a bitter remorse for his part in their removal to reservations.

His speech was interlarded with profanity which was not really profane, but a saltiness that came from the life he had lived, from the earth itself. Once a friend heard that he had joined a church and inquired as to its identity. Goodnight couldn't tell him. "But it's a damned good one," he vouchsafed.

In 1926, his wife died and was buried in the village burying ground at Goodnight, Texas. His grief can be surmised from the inscribed clock he had given her some years earlier: "In Honor of Mrs. Mary Dyer Goodnight, Pioneer of the Texas Panhandle. For many months in 1876-1877, she saw few men and no women, her nearest neighbor being seventy-five miles distant, and the nearest settlement two hundred miles. She met isolation and hardship with a cheerful heart, and danger with undaunted courage. With unfailing optimism, she took life's varied gifts and made her home a house of joy."

IN his last years Charles Goodnight carried on a heavy correspondence. His mind was still active, his memory of events and personalities almost infallible. When Buffalo Jones, the much publicized Westerner, claimed he had bred the first cattalo, Goodnight snorted that the other man had inhaled too much "Chinook wind."

When Jones told how he had guarded Billy the Kid at Mesilla in 1882, Goodnight drily commented that that was "quite likely" since the Kid had been killed by Pat Garrett in July, 1881.

Goodnight suffered his first heart attack on December 2, 1929. A week later, he had another and they thought he was dying. But he was a tough-fibered, tenacious old man and he rallied. On the evening of the eleventh he called for a last cup of coffee, scalding hot as always. Early on the morning of December 12—it was near sunrise—Charles Goodnight set out once more

Mrs. Charles Goodnight

into new and uncharted country. Only this time there would be no returning.

Thirty years after his death, his memory looms over the Panhandle-Plains country, Palo Duro Canyon, like a colossus. In the things he accomplished, the flow of his tremendous vitality, the depth of his perceptions, the honesty of his convictions, he was a truly great pioneer—a giant of the western earth.

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